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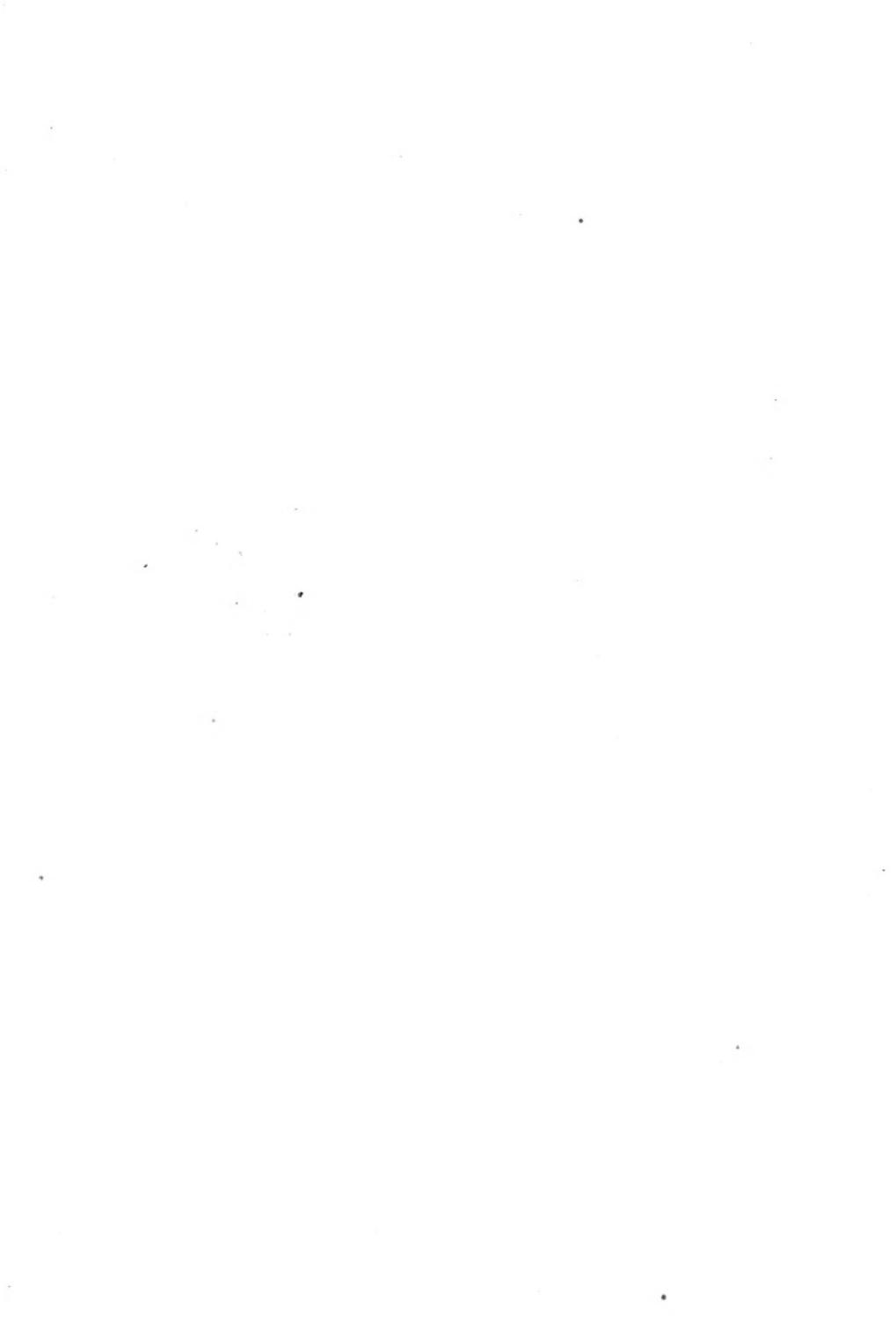
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THE STRING OF PEARLS.

THIRTY POEMS
ON BIBLE TRUTHS.

BY
W. P. CHEVALIER.

ATLANTA, GA.:
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1892.

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P R E F A C E.

In writing this book of poems it has not been my aim to carry my reader away in fairy fancies, to be only charmed for a while, and then left entirely unbefited. But my object has been to place before the reader something interesting, instructive and beneficial to the heart, mind and soul; and to do this I have had to reach higher for my themes than the literature of earth (man's wisdom), and go to the inspired word—the Bible—the book of books, which reaches back to the dawn of man's existence, and stretches forward through the dim mist of the future to the hidden mysteries. I have gathered pearls of truth from this great book and set them in the gilded frame of rhyme, and hang them up before you in the bright light of reality, that you may see and admire, and receive thoughts and impressions as pure and as valuable as diamonds, to benefit you in this life and through the coming flight of years.

W. P. C.

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REAL LOVE.

ROMANS, V.-7 AND 8.

For scarcely for a righteous man will one die, yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die.

But God commendeth His love toward us in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us.

It may have been in some age known,
That some one has such great love shown;
That they suffered much a brother to defend,
Or even gave their life for a friend.

But no love was ever so great and grand,
As that displayed upon this land,
When the heart of the great God did beat
For sinful man beneath His feet.

And that wondrous, precious love
Brought Christ from His throne above,
To suffer for man who loved Him not,
That he might be cleansed from sin's dark blot.

Oh, such wondrous, unselfish love
Is higher than the heavens above,
And its broad and gracious flow
Is broader than the earth below.

And so strong it pierced through seas of sin
To let men of earth to heaven come in ;
A heart so full it burst and bled
Upon the cross till He was dead.

Oh, what wondrous love was shown,
When Jesus was sent down from His throne
To come upon this sinful earth,
To come and be of human birth,

And be clothed in a human frame,
Subject to temptation and pain the same
As sinful man, who was born in sin,
Who did in the garden of Eden begin.

He came to open the way for all
Who are born in sin by Adam's fall.
Thirty-three years He suffered and taught,
And many gracious miracles wrought.

But the way was not open yet,
He had not fully paid the debt ;
The bitterest cup was yet to drink,
This cup of suffering ; oh, sad to think,

Was made so bitter by our guilt,
For us His precious blood was spilt.
Oh, think of dark Gethsemane
Where He bowed in sorrow for you and me.

When the dark and dreary shadows of night
Had hidden the garden out of sight,
He and His disciples went out there;
He went to agonize in prayer.

He went and fell on His face and prayed,
For the load of sin was on Him laid;
And it was so heavy to bear
It made Him weep in deep despair.

And the blessed scriptures tell us how
It made drops of blood gush from His brow.
In deepest sorrow hear Him pray,
If possible pass this cup away.

Then the awful hour drew nigh
When He must on the cruel cross die;
The soldiers came through the darkness of night
With torches and weapons all ready to fight.

Judas, the betrayer, leads the way,
For he knew where the Saviour was wont to stay,
And Judas says, the sign is this,
It will be the man whom I shall kiss.

The soldiers were led to where they were,
And Judas kissed the Saviour there;
And the Saviour meekly gave Himself up,
Betrayed by the man He had given the sup.

Twelve legions of angels He could call,
But He meekly goes to the judgment hall;
And there most cruel things are done;
He is beat and slapped and spit upon.

And they dress Him in a robe of red,
With a crown of thorns upon His head ;
And as He there doth meekly sit,
With a reed His head they cruelly hit.

Then they took the robe away,
And put back upon His raiment to stay,
And took Him off to crucify,
To nail Him to the cross to die.

Through His feet and hands the nails were driven,
And a sponge of vinegar to Him was given ;
What He suffered no tongue can tell,
But He opened the way, we know full well.

It is finished, He plainly said;
Then they found that He was dead,
He left His glorious throne on high
To come on the earth to suffer and die,

And open a way of escape for all
Who believe in Him and on Him call,
That they might escape from a burning hell
And forever with Him in heaven dwell.

If I had a friend who was dear to me,
And in a burning house this friend I'd see,
With massive doors securely locked,
Which could not be from their places knocked,

I would go through fire to get the key
To let my friend from the danger flee ;
And when I did open the massive door,
And a way of escape for my friend secure,

I would expect him at once out the door to dart,
And come to me with a grateful heart
And thank and love me for opening the door ;
I would expect this if nothing more.

But after I had risked my life to open the way,
If he still in the burning house would stay,
I would surely think he had lost his mind,
Or else had become deaf, dumb and blind.

Would he have stayed and burned and died
Because he thought that I had lied ?
We could but hate a man like this,
Who at our kindness with contempt would hiss.

Our sympathy for him would flee away
If he wouldn't believe what we would say.
If we toiled and suffered to set him free,
And opened the way so he could see,

And sounded out the warning cry
That he must come or surely die ;
And even through fire our hands outstretch,
Would not he be an ungrateful wretch

Who would none of our warning believe,
And firmly refuse to receive
A freedom bought at a price so great ?
He would well deserve the dreadful fate.

Now our Saviour has done far more than this ;
He left His throne of glory and bliss
And came down to this sinful world,
And a human garb around Him furled,

And in poverty walked from day to day,
Toiling hard to open the way,
All along life's journey through ;
This He did, O man, for you.

And when He came to death's portals so black,
Even from that He shrinks not back ;
To open them He shed His blood,
This He did, and crossed the flood.

Nails were driven through his hands and feet,
Yet He opened the way all through complete,
And invites us all through the opened door
To come and live forever more.

To live in that bright heaven above
Where all is joy and peace and love.
At the open door He lovingly stands,
With those nail-pierced feet and hands,

The blood drops all wiped from His brow,
The way is perfectly opened now ;
And to him that asketh He will give,
And let him come through the door and live.

Are you walking in His opened way,
Are you trusting Him from day to day,
And do you often to Him pray ?
Who can take your sins away,
And blot them out of that great book
In which no man did ever look.

FOOTPRINTS ON THE SANDS OF TIME.

HEBREWS, IV.-15.

For we have not a high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, but was in all points tempted as we are, yet without sin.

This verse to us does fully show
That our Saviour does our troubles know;
He knows how cunning is the tempter's snare,
And how hard temptations are to bear;

But He has come and walked the way
That we might never go astray.
What a sweet and comforting thought
To our minds in this is brought.

He has walked along this sinful earth,
Through seasons of sorrow and seasons of mirth,
Leaving footprints sparkling with light,
All along life's path so bright.

When darkness of night blots out the day,
And clouds of trouble overshadows our way,
'Tis then those footprints of the Saviour divine
On the path more brightly doth shine.

His own feet having trod along there,
He can more fully our sorrows share,
And He is able to succor us, too,
Nothing is impossible for Him to do.

He who at the portals of heaven stands,
And will hold our crown in His precious hands,
Has left footprints all along life's way,
So we need never go astray.

He was tempted to walk in sin like we,
For this in the text we plainly see;
In all points tempted He has been,
And yet He has never committed a sin.

His footsteps were all made perfectly right,
Whether walking by day or walking by night.
He walked upon the stony mountains,
He walked beside the crystal fountains,

He walked away in the desert lonely,
None but Him and the Spirit only,
Till Satan came to tempt Him sore;
All this with patience He meekly bore,

And did not yield to the tempter's snare,
Although his speech was cunning and fair;
For many years with man He walked,
And as friend to friend He with him talked.

In their innocent pleasures He shared,
And time to be with them He spared;
A wedding in Cana He once attended,
And its merriment He commended;

And even when they wanted wine
His assistance He did not decline,
But out of pure water He made the best,
Which the governor said excelled the rest.

His kindness to man never ceased,
Even when at the wedding feast.
And when the ruler's daughter was dead
He stood beside the maiden's bed.

Oh, then what a sweet surprise
When He told the maiden to arise;
How sweetly did His footsteps go,
How plainly does His footprints show.

He saw the widow's falling tear,
And her dead son upon the bier;
He touched the bier, and at His will
The men that carried it all stood still.

Then the man from death He raised,
And the people feared, and were all amazed.
What a gracious deed was done
To the widow who had that only son.

Sweet footprints on the sands of time,
They sparkle with a love sublime.
To Bethany, where Martha and Mary stayed,
Many precious visits He made;

And at their house did often dwell,
Where Lazarus lived He loved so well ;
And when He knew that Lazarus had died
He came to Bethany, and there he cried.

What sympathy our Saviour doth show
Wherever His gracious footsteps go.
He not only shows us sympathy deep,
To comfort us and with us weep,

But He is able to succor the tried,
Even when their loved ones have died.
He goes to the grave where Lazarus is laid,
Though there three days he had stayed ;

He prayed, and then the words He said
Called forth Lazarus from the dead.
How Martha and Mary did rejoice
To hear again their brother's voice,

'Tis sweet to think of a Saviour dear
Who doth sympathize with us down here,
Who can guide us so that we will meet
Our loved ones at His mercy seat.

Bright footprints in the world He left,
To cheer and comfort the bereft.
Though life's pathway may seem dreary,
And we get so weak and weary,

Along that pathway He has trod,
And every footprint points to God.
If you would have your journey bright,
Keep His footprints all in sight.

You can see them all the way,
In the night and in the day,
And when you come to death's dark vale
Even there they do not fail;

But were pierced through with a nail
Before He walked along that vale.
More brightly do these footprints shine
Because they are stained with blood divine.
Who would live down here below,
With nothing to show them how to go ?

THE GUIDING LIGHT.

PSALMS, CXIX.-105.

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light to my pathway.

How good and precious is the Bible, God's Word,
Throwing light in the darkness where'er it is heard,
Like letters of friendship by angels borne,
Directly down from the Heavenly throne.

Letters from a Father who loves us so dear,
That He numbers our hair and watches each tear.
In the Bible He tells us how man was made,
And how through temptation His command disobeyed.

He tells us of the garden that man was in,
Before he committed that dreadful sin.
Every kind of fruit was there,
And every beautiful flower rare.

Beautiful streams were flowing by,
Reflecting the stars from in the sky.
All the animals there were tame,
And were brought to Adam for him to name.

And all the birds that fly in the air,
With beautiful plumage rich and rare,
God brought to Adam for him to call,
For him to have and name them all.

How beautiful the birds there sang,
What music through that garden rang.
And of all the pets that Adam had,
All were good and none were bad.

How happy would Adam have been,
If he had not committed sin.
But our Heavenly Father tells us why,
He was driven out and condemned to die.

Because he did stretch forth his hand,
And disobey God's strict command.
Of all the thousands of trees that grew,
God did not hold back from Adam a few,

But kept back only one lone tree,
And I think this must have been to see,
If Adam would His command obey,
And not be tempted and led astray.

Adam there was truly blest,
But he did not stand the test.
And the scriptures plainly tell,
How he and Eve both sadly fell.

We read of this and say it is sad,
But all of us have done as bad.
Who has lived upon the land,
And never broken God's command ?

Enoch and Elijah must have tried,
For they went to Heaven and never died.
But we have sinned and disobeyed,
And the debt for sin must sure be paid.

Our Saviour alone can pay it now,
And we to Him must humbly bow.
And ask before we are forgiven,
Or justly down to hell be driven.

This theme (the Bible) is an ocean so deep,
I can hardly in sight of one text keep ;
But its words are an ocean of love,
Sent down from our Father above.

On it we can sail by night and day,
With breezes from Heaven to guide the way.
And safely land in Heaven at last,
Forgetting the trials of the past.

We are blest if we have a Bible to read,
For its directions and promises fill every need.
God's holy word is precious and sweet,
'Tis a light to our path and a lamp to our feet.

Oh, who would live in this dark world below,
Where friend turns traitor and proves to be foe.
Where riches take wings and fly away,
And things that we love so often decay.

And grief and trouble makes the way dark,
What then shall guide our trembling bark ?
We need this lamp to shine on the wave,
We need this hope beyond the grave.

How sweetly does that light Divine
Shine along this path of mine,
Chasing the shadows from the way,
Guiding me lest I go astray.

This lamp can make the pathway glow,
And make the Christian feel and know,
That they are in that way so straight,
Which leads them up to Heaven's gate.

How glad and calmly can we go,
With such a lamp our path to show.
We need not heed the sinful crowd,
We need not dread the stormy cloud.

It shines away dark fears and doubt,
No storm of woe can put it out.
Even when health and life shall fail,
It will lighten up that darkened vale.

So we can through this valley walk,
And with our Heavenly Father talk ;
Whose rod and staff will comfort then,
And cheer the believing children of men.

Take the Bible and often read,
And every promise and warning heed.
Read it before you go to sleep,
And meditate upon its contents deep.

And be sure to read it when you awake,
To get sweet thoughts so you can take
Them with you when you go away,
To face the business of the day.

PRECIOUS PROMISES.

II. PETER, I.-4.

Whereby are given unto us great and precious promises ;
that by these ye might be partakers of the Divine nature, having
escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust.

Many promises in the Bible we find,
From our Heavenly Father so good and kind.
They hang like fruit from a goodly tree,
For all who love the Saviour free.

That they may take and refresh their soul,
They can eat and be made whole.
This tree all manner of fruit doth bear,
A promise to lift from deep despair ;

I point to the limb that holds it out,
See Psalms xxvii.-10, and do not doubt.
A promise that if at the door we knock,
The closed up door shall He unlock.

And it shall be given if we only ask,
Oh, who could refuse this easy task ?
Math. vii.-7, Ask and it shall be given you ;
Oh, how easy is this to do.

And He says seek and ye shall find,
Can any one be more loving and kind?
And knock and it shall be opened unto you,
These things you surely ought to do.

Math. xxviii.—20, is a promise to be with us alway,
Through the dark night and through the day ;
Even down to the end of the world,
When the wicked will in hell be hurled.

In II. Timothy, iv.—8, is found,
The promise of a righteous crown,
To all who the Saviour's appearing doth love,
Who long to be with their Saviour above.

In St. John, x.—9, we find,
A precious promise good and kind.
That all shall be saved who enter in,
Through Him the door who can save from sin.

And find good pasture for their soul,
And eat and live and be made whole.

In Rev. xxi.—7, is a promise to the one,
Who overcometh to be God's son.

And all the glories of Heaven inherit,
Obtained alone through the Saviour's merit.

Isaiah, xl.—31, is to those who on the Lord wait,
As they are toiling on towards Heaven's Gate.

They shall renew their strength as on they go,
They shall run and never weary grow.
And they shall walk and shall not faint,
How comforting to the faithful saint.

In Math. v.-3, a promise hangs out sure,
For those who are in spirit poor.
That the Heavenly Kingdom shall be theirs,
A great reward for humble prayers.

Math. v.-4, is a promise to those who mourn,
To them great comfort shall be shown.

Math. v.-5, is a promise to the meek,
Those who are loving and humbly seek ;

They shall the beautiful earth inherit,
What wonderful things doth meek men merit.
Math. v.-6, is to those who hunger and thirst,
After righteousness and doth seek it first.

They shall be filled and filled with this,
And righteousness giveth perfect bliss.

Math. v.-7, is a promise to the merciful plain,
It is that they shall mercy obtain.

Math. v.-8, is to those whose hearts are pure,
That they shall see God who doth ever endure.

Math. v.-9, is a promise to the makers of peace,
To those who cause a quarrel to cease.

Who prevents the striking with a rod,
They shall be called the children of God.

Math. v.-10, is to the persecuted for righteousness' sake,

They the Kingdom of Heaven shall take.

Math. v.-11 is to those reviled with the tongue,
By the people that they dwell among.

And are persecuted for the Saviour's sake,
Whose faith in Him no one can shake.

The reward of these will be so great,
It should put them in a rejoicing state.

St. John xiv.-14, is the crowning promise of all
To the disciple who doth on the Saviour call.

And in His name doth truly ask,
For Him to do just any task,
He has promised it to do,
And His words are sure and true.

St. John xvi.-23, is a promise equally great,
To those on the road to Heaven's Gate,
'Tis whatsoever they ask the Father in His name,
He will surely give to them the same.

Jer. xxxiii.-3, says call unto me,
And I will answer thee.
These are not all but only a few,
I have gathered together here for you.

How sweet is the fruit of this Heavenly tree,
Which hangs upon it for you and me.
How sweet to rest beneath its shade,
And view those truths that never fade.

On it is a balm for every wound,
Which to earth has e'er been found.
Balm to ease the troubled breast,
Balm to give sweet peace and rest.

Balm to make our faith more strong,
Balm to straighten the crooked and right the wrong.
Balm to soothe the aching head,
Balm to soften the dying bed.

Balm to take away death's sting,
Balm that will the angels bring.
Balm to lighten death's dark vale,
Balm to still the tempest gale.
Balm to enter Heaven's door,
Balm is needed then no more.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

PSALMS, CVII. 21.

Oh, that men would praise the Lord for His goodness and for His wonderful works to the children of men.

Thanksgiving day is a public holiday,
But not appointed for all to play :
'Tis the day set forth by the head of our nation
To bow and give thanks to the God of creation,

And all the nations should cease from toil
And thank their God who watereth the soil.
Bow and acknowledge the gracious hand
That gives increase throughout the land.

As the wheel of commerce is whirling,
And the smoke from the furnace is curling,
And men are making and buying and selling
And the coffers of many are growing and swelling,

This is a day when all should cease,
And remember who causes the earth to increase :
Let our nation on this day solemnly pause,
And give thanks to Him who alone can cause

The earth to all her increase give,
To Him by whom we move and live.
Give thanks to Him for sun and rain,
Give thanks to Him for all we gain.

SPRING.

Give thanks to Him for sending spring,
That brings up the grass and everything;
That makes the lovely flowers grow,
And makes our yards with beauty glow.

Even the beautiful birds all sing,
And thank the Lord for glorious spring,
For spring that kisses the earth so sweet,
It makes the chill of winter retreat,

Then takes the earth up in its arms,
And its warm embrace so sweetly charms
That buried seeds burst forth to look,
To see who it was so kindly took

Away the chill and cold and pain,
And warmed them into life again;
Then every plant with upturned face
Looked to heaven, God's dwelling place,
Thanking Him for sending spring,
That gives life to them and everything.

SUMMER.

We thank the Lord for summer time,
That brings all nature to its prime ;
That warms the earth with its glorious heat
And ripens the oats and rye and wheat ;
That makes the fields of cotton white
And fills the farmers with delight.

Summer does always perfection seek,
And paints the rose on the apple's cheek ;
And in its arms to man it brings
Vegetables, melons and other things.

And to us it also bears
Apples, peaches, plums and pears.
We should thank the Lord for all of this,
Who can even the falling sparrow miss.

His powerful hand doth strongly hold
Back the frost and winter's cold,
And with rain He waters the earth,
Thus preventing drouth and dearth.

FALL.

We thank the Lord for sending fall,
Which is the crowning up of all,
When all the corn and wheat comes in,
And is stored away in barn and bin.

Spring's tender care and summer's toil
Has caused the produce of the soil,
And now they take and pour it all
Into the open arms of Fall ;

Then the Fall doth kindly give
To man and birds, and all that live,
Plenty of food to live upon
Until another summer is begun.

"Tis God who sends us gracious Fall,
With grain and plenty of food for all.
The work of the year is done,
And the gracious result is won.

"Tis the Lord of all who makes the yield ;
The fruit of the orchard and grain of the field.
It is the Lord's most gracious care
Which makes the earth to bountifully bear ;
And doth back a hundred fold bestow,
All the grain and seed we sow.

WINTER.

We thank the Lord for winter's cold,
That turn the leaves from green to gold.
Winter to earth doth nobly bow,
And puts his hand on her fevered brow,
And fans away the sultry air
And poisonous vapors all with care.

And puts good ice in her drinking water
As kind as a father to his daughter ;
And with his cold hand he kills disease,
And makes the stagnant water freeze.

And with his breath he blows away
The odors of filth and all decay.
It is the touch of winter's hand
Which makes a change throughout the land.

It makes the forest trees all blush,
And the songs of the singing birds all hush,
It puts the beautiful flowers to sleep,
And makes the forest trees all weep,

Dropping their leaves like big tears shed,
Because the beautiful summer has fled.
They stand out there with naked brow,
The flowers have gone, they are lonely now.

Our Heavenly Father has planted them there
For us the children of His care,
That we may have wood to keep us warm,
And shelter from the winter's storm.
How tenderly for man He cares,
Each season for man's good prepares.

PEACE.

We should thank the Lord for blessed peace,
For causing the furies of war to cease.
Grim visaged war He has chained down,
And given our nation a peaceful crown.
We hope that nothing will break the chain,
For we never want to see war again.

For war walks forth with a cruel tread,
The blood of our brothers and fathers to shed.
It burns our houses with its cruel hand,
And leaves destruction through the land,

And with its cruel iron tread
It crushes our loved ones till they are dead.
Oh, let us thank the Lord for peace,
For causing the troubles of war to cease.

And for His goodness and gifts to all,
And for heeding us when we call,
And for all the goodness to man He has done,
Especially for the gift of His only Son.

WISDOM GIVEN TO MAN.

PROVERBS, XI-6.

For the Lord giveth wisdom ; out of His mouth cometh knowledge and understanding.

The Lord has given much wisdom to man,
So he can invent, and make, and plan.
The ocean is so large and vast,
That it would be an easy task

For it to swallow all the land,
If not held back by God's great hand.
But it cannot go beyond the place
That He has marked upon earth's face.

When the storms and winds are high,
It tries upon the land to fly.
It rears and foams like a maddened hound,
But it cannot go beyond the bound.

And the wisdom which God has given to man,
Has sought out and invented a plan
To put a saddle on the ocean's back,
And ride the monster that leaves no track.

The ship is the saddle he rides it with,
And the compass the bridle he guides it with.
He whips it along with steam and wheel,
Until the whipping it seems to feel,

And carries him swift to the distant shore,
And there it stands, and waits for more.
With this wisdom from on high,
Man looks out into the great sky,

And sees the flash of lightning blast
Leap from cloud to cloud so fast.
The great war horse that's in the skies,
That charges forth with glaring eyes.

And if its hoof doth strike a tree,
Into splinters the tree will be ;
And if on a man it happens to tread,
It crushes him till he is dead.

And when its hoof doth strike the ground,
It is louder than the cannon's sound.
And Morse takes this monster by the main,
And ties it with a bridle rein.

And trains it to run along the wire,
From station to station and never tire.
Carrying messages for men to read,
And carrying them with the fastest speed.

Edison decided to train it more
Than it had ever known before.
So he learned it how to pull a car,
And haul the people near and far.

And learned it how to hold a light
On the corner of the streets at night,
And even to come into the house and stand,
And hold its light so pure and grand.

The mind of man with water and fire,
Makes the engine run and never tire ;
And run through the forest on the laid out road,
And run as if it had no load.

Man has bored a hole through the Alps so great,
That he might through it ship his freight.
The mind of man goes to a star,
And measures the distance to see how far.

It goes down in the ocean deep,
Which the pearl and sponges keep.
It soars on wings up in the skies,
And in a balloon like a bird it flies.

But the greatest wisdom of all,
Is that which on the Lord doth call.
And reaches up to His great throne,
There to commune with Him alone.
And obtain His saving grace,
To carry them to that glorious place.

THE TREASURE IN DISGUISE. OR TROUBLES THROUGH THE TELESCOPE OF FAITH.

ROMANS, VIII.-28.

For we know that all things work together for good, to them that love God, to them who are called according to His purpose.

Oh, that it could be well understood,
That all things work together for good,
To those whose hearts are full of love,
To God who dwells in Heaven above.

He can make the crooked straight,
He can open the closed up gate,
He can freely all things give,
He can make our loved ones live.

He can make us rich and wise,
And give us a home beyond the skies.
He who spared not His only Son,
But sent to earth that holy one,

To suffer and open the way for all,
Who were doomed to hell through Adam's fall ;
He watches us with tender care,
And each season does for us prepare.

And those of us who love him true,
He guides and gives us blessings too.
But He does not send His gifts like some,
For His blessings do not always come

Its baskets decked with sparkling gold,
For oft the darkest clouds doth hold,
The richest blessings that He sends.
By this I think that He intends,

To make us in His providence trust,
And strengthen the faith of all the just.
Even the ravens that often spread
Their black wings over the dying and dead,

To pluck out the wounded soldiers' eyes,
Before the suffering soldier dies ;
These to the prophet Elijah went,
With food for him from Heaven sent.

And as he viewed them from afar,
These ravenous birds as black as tar,
He must have been in deep despair,
And thought that they were coming there,

To over and around him fly,
Waiting there to see him die :
And then as soon as he was dead,
To pluck the eyes out of his head.

But soon he found this was not true,
That was not what they came to do.
But these birds had come to bring
The very longed for needed thing.

The strengthening food which he desired,
They gave it to him and then retired.
So often the dark winged clouds doth fly,
And hide the starlight of the sky.

Each star of hope in the sky of life,
The objects of our zeal and strife.
Our hopes are hidden from our view,
And we know not what to do.

And the cloud seems coming down,
With a black destructive frown,
Containing a storm to sweep our wealth,
Or a plague to take our health.

But we find that it has brought
The very blessing which we sought.
Sometimes the way seems dark and dreary,
And we get so weak and weary,

That we are almost in despair.
It seems too much for us to bear.
Then there comes a promise sweetly,
That drives away our grief completely,

It is that all things work for good,
To the faithful who have stood,
For the Lord out from the rest,
And have their love for Him confessed.

Faithful Jacob saw the cloud,
That seemed to be a troubled shroud,
To wrap his head and body around,
In greatest trouble ever found.

When famine came upon the land,
It seemed quite hard for him to stand,
And when his corn had given out,
He had to send all round about.

Then the news came, oh, how sad,
No corn in Canaan could be had.
Then the news was to him told,
That in Egypt corn was sold.

Then he sent his sons away,
Wondering how long they would stay.
Then his greatful heart did burn,
When he saw his sons return ;

But they told so sad a story,
That he bent his head so hoary,
And with sorrow deep did mourn,
For his sons had fully shown,

That Simeon was in Egypt bound,
And Benjamin must be with them found,
E'er he saw his face again ;
Oh, what sad and bitter pain.

Jacob felt on hearing this,
For his Simeon he did miss.
And poor Jacob sadly wept,
For his son in Egypt kept.

They also told their father how,
When they did to the governor bow,
He roughly spake and to them said :
You have not come to buy your bread.

But you have come down here as spies,
To see how naked the country lies.
Then they said we are twelve men true,
And we are all here except two.

One is not but has passed away,
And the youngest is at home this day.
Then the man said this you do,
That I may know that you are true.

Leave one of your brothers here with me,
And let me your youngest brother see.
But Jacob did not then intend
His youngest son down there to send,

And they stayed and eat the corn,
Jacob hoping, trusting on.
At last they ate up what they brought,
The corn was gone which they had bought.

And the man had told them sure,
That they could not buy any more,
Unless they brought the youngest son,
Jacob's pet, his darling one.

How could he this boy spare,
It seemed too much for him to bear,
Then to them he sadly said,
To them who away his Simeon led ;

Oh, why did you tell the man down there,
Of my darling boy so young and fair?
Why did you tell there was another,
Why did you speak of your little brother?

Then they answered their father and told
Why they did this fact unfold.
He asked if there was not another,
The man did ask us of our brother.

As he asked the truth we told,
We could not the secret hold.
Then their father was grieved indeed,
And their request he would not heed.

My son shall not go down, he said,
His brother Joseph now is dead.
And he is left with me alone,
All this trouble I have borne.

If mischief befall him by the way,
It will bring my hair that is now so gray,
With sorrow down into the grave,
Oh, from this trouble your father save.

Then Judah said to the grieved old man,
I will surely for Benjamin stand,
I shall the blame forever bear,
If any harm befall him there.

For us to starve will be so sad,
Have mercy and let us take the lad.
Well, he said if it must be so,
I will have to let him go.

Then when all his sons had left,
He felt so lonely and bereft,
His sons gone to that cruel man,
Who said they came to spy the land.

And how his heart did for them burn,
To think they never might return.
There he sat, his bread all gone,
For they had used up all the corn.

This indeed was the darkest cloud,
'Neath which the old man ever bowed.
As it spread its dark black wing,
And overshadowed everything.

It seemed to hide each star of hope,
And make him in dark trouble grope.
But this cloud was the basket sent,
Much pains to fill it by the Lord was spent.

He commenced this cloud to fill,
When Joseph was sent down by His will,
Down into Egypt alone to go,
Was when this cloud began to grow;

And now the cloud is full of treasure,
Which will give the greatest pleasure
To Jacob, and will make him glad,
Though now he sits so grieved and sad.

And as the cloud still nearer gets,
Poor Jacob with sorrow and trouble frets.
But soon he finds and sees quite plain,
That this dark cloud doth now contain.

Gracious blessings rich and rare,
For him and all his sons to share.
The black winged clouds of the sky,
Often bring blessings when they fly.

Now Jacob's trouble and sorrow flees,
For safely back his sons he sees,
And they quickly tell him how,
That Joseph is in Egypt now,

Ruling all that goodly land,
With all the corn at his command.
Jacob did not at first believe,
But did with doubt their statement receive.

But when he saw the meat and corn,
And the wagons coming on,
His spirit within him did revive,
Joseph my son is yet alive.

Jacob with joy and gladness said,
These proved that Joseph was not dead.
Then he went to Egypt and found,
That Joseph had given him the richest ground.

The land of Goshen which was the best,
That he might there with comfort rest.
And Joseph nourished his father there,
And all his brothers with tender care.

And gave them plenty of good things to eat,
And kept them with plenty of corn and meat.
Now Jacob recognized the hand,
That had brought him to this goodly land.

He saw that God made everything
Work together these blessings to bring,
So all things work together we see,
To the righteous for good whatever it be.

So let us look with faith's true eye,
And see the Lord is always nigh.
And makes all things work for the best,
Though sometimes He our faith may test

By letting the way be dark we tread,
So by faith we can be lead.
Willing to follow where ever He leads,
Knowing He is able to supply our needs.

Then let us always realize,
That He who hath made the earth and skies,
Is able to give us all we need,
And our requests will surely heed,
For He numbers all our hairs,
And even for the sparrow cares.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

LUKE, II.-11.

For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour,
which is Christ the Lord.

Many do not fully know
Why we celebrate Christmas so ;
They know it is a holiday,
When all the children romp and play.

A day when cakes and pies abound,
And presents are given all around ;
And I think that even some
Think it is a day for drinking rum ;

But they miss it very far,
And its main object often mar.
It is the anniversary of the day
When Jesus came to open the way,

That all might escape the sufferings of hell,
And with Him forever in Heaven dwell.
On this great and glorious day
Even the angels were heard to say,

“Glory to God in the highest!” and then
“Peace and good will on earth to men!”
With beautiful voices these angels did sing
When these glad tidings they did bring.

What a glorious deed was done
When God’s holy, only Son
Came out in this sinful earth,
Clothed in flesh of human birth.

The God who made this earthly globe
Wrapped himself in a fleshly robe.
It must have been a touching time,
Grand, glorious and sublime,

When the council of Heaven met,
At the time which had been set,
To form that great and wondrous plan
Of salvation to rescue sinful man.

And a voice says, “Who shall we send,
The doomed destiny of man to amend?”
Then the answer came from one,
Even from God’s holy Son.

He answered, “Here am I, send me.”
He would the crucified sufferer be.
When he had prepared a fleshly robe,
Down in this earthly globe,

To hide His glory out of sight,
For it was too wonderful bright
For human eye to ever see,
So He chose like man to be,

That He might with man often walk,
As friend with friend, and to him talk.
And the robe of flesh had been
Already prepared to wrap Him in.

It was a virgin pure and young,
Who had been selected from among
The descendants of faithful Abraham,
The people who offered the paschal lamb.

When the Spirit and the Saviour came,
And the angel called the virgin's name,
And he told her not to fear,
For God had greatly favored her,

And told her what was to be done,
That she was to have a Holy Son
Whose kingdom shall forever endure,
And who shall reign forevermore.

And this great and blessed one
Shall be called God's holy Son.
So thus the Virgin Mary was shown
That it was through her, and her alone,

That Jesus was to come on earth
And be clothed in flesh of human birth.
The angel Gabriel had gone before,
Thus to prepare and open the door ;

And the blessed Saviour entered in,
To be clothed in flesh and die for sin.
He who was in the beginning with God,
And by whom He made this earthly sod,

Took off His robe and glorious crown
And there in Heaven laid them down,
And came down to this world of sin
And through a virgin did enter in—

Taking the form of a baby small,
So as to set an example for all,
Even from the earliest age
On up to an older stage.

Being in all points tempted as we,
So the human race might see
That He could our troubles realize
And with us deeply sympathize.

He did not choose His birth
To be among the rich of earth ;
He chose a lowly, humble maid,
Whose intended worked at the carpenter's trade.

And the place where He chose to be born
Was the manger where the ox eat corn.
He could have come through the queen of the land
And been brought up in luxury and riches grand,

And could have had for the place of His birth
The finest palace that was ever on earth.
Or He could have come from Heaven down
Wearing His grand and glorious crown,

With glory too bright to look upon,
Shining more brightly than the sun,
And legions of angels with Him bring,
With golden harps to play and sing;

And could have made a palace of gold
That could ten million people hold,
And could, with one strong lightning flash,
His enemies all to destruction dash.

Had He come to the earth in this way,
No human could around Him stay,
For His glory would be so dazzling bright
It would be too much for human sight.

So none would dare to Him draw near,
But all would stand with trembling fear.
Had He come in a way so grand,
Who could near His glory stand?

But He chose a better plan,
That He might come up close to man.
He wrapped Himself in a fleshly robe
When He came upon our globe,

So as to shut His glory in
And the love of His people win.
By this He did most fully show
That He loved man long ago.

And He came in a human frame,
That He might talk with us the same
As friend to friend does talk,
And as a brother with us walk.

So we should celebrate with joy
The birth of this great baby boy,
The day of our dear Saviour's birth
Is the day when God stepped on the earth ;

And we should remember Christmas day,
And with the blessed angels say,
“Glory to God in the highest degree !”
Who sent His Son to set us free,

And open the way of escape from hell,
That all might with Him in Heaven dwell.
This was the greatest day of all
That ever came since Adam's fall.

Even the angels came to earth
To celebrate the Saviour's birth ;
To the shepherds the angels came
And announced the birth of greatest fame,

And loud and sweetly the angels sang,
And the sky with praises rang.
Then there came a beautiful star
To guide the men, who lived so far,

To where the holy infant lay
In the manger on the hay.
This star, so glorious and bright,
Shed its rays of beautiful light

Upon the pathway as they went.
This guiding star, from Heaven sent,
Went before them all the way
And stood over where the Saviour lay.

Oh ! what a glorious birth was this,
That even gave the angels bliss,
And brought down from a distance far
The bright and beautiful guiding star.

Then let us ever celebrate
Christmas day, that is so great ;
And as we on that day rejoice,
Let us remember the angels' voice,

And “glory to God in the highest” give,
Who sent His Son that we might live.
Let us thank the Lord for Christmas day,
When Jesus came to open the way,

That we might escape from future woe
And to a happy Heaven go.
He loved us with so deep a love
That He left His home in Heaven above,

And to this world of ours came
And went into a human frame ;
And many years He preached and taught
And to our knowledge the gospel brought,

And left His teachings plain to all ;
So, though we have sinned through Adam’s fall,
We may come to the Saviour and live ;
He is willing to hear us and pardon give.

Now I hope you never may
Forget the meaning of Christmas day ;
And when you get a Christmas present,
Remember God’s gift to rich and peasant.
The Christmas present which He gave
Was His only Son, our souls to save.

HUMAN FRAILTY.

I. John, XI-1.

If any man sin we have an Advocate with the Father; Jesus Christ the righteous.

The best of us are prone to sin,
No son of Adam has perfect been;
Then what a blessed promise is this,
For all of us are prone to miss

The way that God would have us go,
Pray for our enemy and love our foe.
When we are trying to serve our God,
Temptations seem to press us hard.

And if we through temptation fall,
How sweet to think that we can call
Upon our Advocate above,
Full of mercy and full of love.

And for His sake we are forgiven,
Instead of being to torment driven.
While we are climbing life's mountain steep,
And trying our footsteps ever to keep

In that straight and narrow way,
Which the words of the Bible say,
Will lead us up to Heaven above,
Where all is joy and all is love.

We may stumble and we may fall,
But we can on the Saviour call,
And He will reach His loving hand,
And lift us up so we can stand.

For our blessed Saviour dear,
The Christian's side is ever near.
He can all of our troubles see,
For He was tempted just like we.

• He never did sin though tempted sore,
And many insults and trials bore.
But we, like sheep, oft go astray,
And often want to have our way.

And think and say things that are wrong,
But God's mercy endureth long,
And if we repent and to Him pray,
He will take our sins away.

For while we are in this earthly state,
Jesus is our Advocate.
If we ask pardon in His name,
God will grant to us the same.

Those who do their very best,
Are the ones that will be blest.
When they stumble He is near,
And when they cry He will hear.

We want to do our Saviour's will,
And all of His commandments fill.
But I think it is well understood,
That when Christians would do good,

Evil is present and we often fail,
So frail is the bark in which we sail.
For this frail body that we are in,
Is always prone to lust and sin.

Our spirit which has been renewed,
And with Heavenly grace endued,
Against the flesh doth always strive,
Away its evil desires to drive.

How plainly does the Apostle Paul,
To our minds this subject call ;
He tells us that the flesh doth lust,
Against the Spirit, so they must

Always war against each other,
As long as they both dwell together.
So while we dwell in a body of clay,
We have to fight from day to day.

The fight of faith is a good fight,
This we should do with all our might,
For Satan doth temptations lay
All along the Christian's way.

The flesh will us to danger lead,
If we do not the Spirit heed.
The fruit of the Spirit is peace and love,
Long suffering, goodness and faith from above.

Gentleness, meekness, and temperance, too,
This spirit should dwell, my brother, in you.
But the works of the flesh are opposite these,
Envynings, murders and heresies.

Adultery, fornication, and drunkenness,
Idolatry, witchcraft, and licentiousness,
Seditions, revelings, and uncleanness,
Wrath, and strife and other meanness,

So often our spirits will to do right,
But always have the flesh to fight.
And sometimes this may make us fall,
But we can on our Saviour call.

Who will pardon and love us still,
If we are trying to do His will.
Sufficient is the grace He gives,
And the one who has it forever lives.

The water He gives He tells us plain,
Will never let us thirst again.
And as we climb up life's steep mountain,
How sweet to drink of this great fountain.

It doth help us on our way,
And strengthen us from day to day.
So we may climb this mountain steep,
And over troubles with joy leap.

Sometimes our path is strewed with flowers,
Sometimes we go through stormy showers,
Sometimes we tread on thorns that pain,
And then we call for help again.

But oft beside our path doth grow,
Flowers which with beauty glow;
And delicious fruit within our reach,
So we can get and enjoy each.

Sometimes the way may seem so bright,
That it will fill us with delight.
And we are happy on our way,
Rejoicing in the Lord from day to day.

But then the clouds may gather around,
And disappointments all abound,
And the way seems dark and dreary,
And we get so weak and weary,

Until we are almost in despair,
Because our way is no more fair ;
And as we climb with feet and hand,
There seems a great high cliff to stand

Right in the middle of our way ;
Then we are most constrained to say
That we can no further go
Through the mount of bitter woe.

But led by faith we soon can see
That we are from that trouble free.
Then it is quite easy found,
That the way doth lead around.

Then we go rejoicing on,
For we almost see the dawn.
But suddenly we see to our surprise,
Two large snakes in our path arise.

How can we go with these before,
For they look as if they will kill us sure ;
But by faith we are lead up near,
And they flee away with fear.

But there was some one by our side,
Who ever doth with the Christian abide ;
And it was this one we did not see,
Who made these dreadful serpents flee.

Oft it was for our good,
When troubles have in our pathway stood,
And like the cliff described above,
They strengthen our faith and increase our love.

When temptations are going through the land,
And like serpents in our pathway stand,
'Tis then by faith that we must go,
For all things are possible with God, we know.

For He can chase these things away,
And shield us all from day to day.
How sweet to hold the Saviour's hand,
While walking through this sinful land,

Where Satan's wicked, fiery darts,
Pierce through many tender hearts ;
And temptations are often spread
Right across the path we tread,

To trip us up and make us fall,
And sin against the Lord of all.
We need the Saviour's hand
To hold that we may firmly stand.

Satan's snares are subtle and fair,
And often have a brilliant glare.
Sometimes he appears as an angel of light,
Though filled with sin as black as night.

And often allures frail men away,
With his temptations from day to day.
Sometimes this subtle tempter's snare,
Seems so beautiful and so fair,

It draws men to it and holds them there,
Until they sink in deep despair,
Like a candle fly that happens to gaze
Upon the candles beautiful blaze,

And with rapture to its brightness flies,
And plunges in and burns and dies.
Or like a man in a distant wood,
Who near a quagmire marsh once stood,

When night had closed the light of day,
And caused the traveler to loose his way.
He looked and saw a beautiful light,
Like a diamond set in the jet of night ;

And thinking that this light did shine
From some one's house who might be kind,
And give him food and shelter too,
And show him the right way to pursue,

And he starts off with much delight
To go to the house with light so bright.
But soon he steps in miry clay,
And the light gets farther away.

But he pushes farther on,
With fainting hope that is almost gone,
Not even stopping once to think
That beneath the mud he soon might sink,

But plunges on and sinks and dies,
Where no one can hear his cries ;
Lured by that brilliant glare,
Made by the marshe's foul air.

So many times the tempter sets
The lighted bar-rooms, where he gets
Frail men to seek its brilliant glare,
Until they go and enter there.

They are then enticed to take a drink,
It is then they first commence to sink.
And still they drink and deeper go,
And soon they see it is their foe.

But they are now too far from shore,
That appetite still calls for more.
So that poor heart, once strong and brave,
Sinks into a drunkard's grave.

While around these things we see
How delightful it is to be
Close unto the Saviour's side,
Who doth with His saints abide.

While walking where temptations lie
Like traps to catch the passers by,
How sweet to the Saviour's hand to cling,
And shelter 'neath His gracious wing,

And let Him gently lead us on,
Till all the tempter's snares are gone;
And take us with Him to Heaven at last,
When the storm of life is past.

THE ANGELS AROUND US.

PSALMS, XXXIV.-7.

The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them.

To think that angels, beautiful and fair,
Are all around us in the air
Is a sweet and joyous thought,
With much heavenly comfort wrought.

Each Christian has his angel near,
For they do the great God fear.
And these angels sweet and fair
Delivereth them from many a snare,

And wafts the Christian's spirit home
When no longer on earth they roam.
It was angels that carried Lazarus above,
Embracing him with arms of love.

Sweet angels brought Elijah food
When in a sad, despondent mood.
Angels announced the Saviour's birth,
Singing with the sweetest mirth.

An angel came to Peter by night,
When in the prison with the doors barred tight,
And opened the prison doors wide,
And came and stood by Peter's side.

An angel stood by the Saviour's grave
And information to the women gave.
It told them that the Saviour had risen,
And broken the bars of death's dark prison.

And when the Saviour ascended in the air,
Angels stood by the apostles there
And told them He would come again
In like manner, so all could see Him plain.

An angel before Abram's servant went,
An angel which the Lord had sent
To direct him where to get a wife
To comfort Isaae through his life.

In the Bible we are told that when
Daniel was cast in the lion's den,
An angel went down with him there,
The prison den to with him share,

And to keep the mouths of the lions shut,
In the dark den where he was put.
An angel with Zachariah prayed,
And comforted the prophet while he stayed.

It was an angel that to Zæchariah came
And told him what should be the name
Of the child his wife should bare,
In answer to her earnest prayer.

It was an angel that to Cornelius appeared,
Though Cornelius when he saw him feared,
Finds good news to him it bears,
For it tells him that his alms and prayers

Had by the wings of faith been borne,
And come before the heavenly throne.
And in the Bible we are told
That an angel went before Moses of old

When he led the children of Israel through
And told them what things they should do ;
For the Lord had sent it there,
And went before them in the air.

When Paul was in a storm at sea
And the clouds were dark as they could be,
An angel came to him by night
When the storm was at its height,

And told him that without fail
All the men that with him did sail
The Lord would for his sake save,
And not bury them in a watery grave.

Two angels came at evening tide
To Lot, and did with him abide ;
And they did at his table eat,
So angels must have hands and feet :

They came to tell Lot to flee away,
And not in the wicked city to stay,
As they had come to destroy it all,
And wanted not Lot and his family to fall.

And these angels took them by the hand
As they still did linger and stand,
And led them from the city away,
Just about the dawn of day.

Each little one has its angel above,
Standing before the throne in love.
Some have entertained angels unawares,
For this the Bible plainly declares.

And Jacob was met by the angel of God
As he and his family homeward trod.
We are told the blessed angels rejoice
When a sinner makes the heavenly choice.

And the angel of the Lord encampeth around
The Christians that on earth are found.
Oh, if we could only see
The angels which around us be.

And it is only sin can chase away
The angels which around us stay.
The righteous need not lions fear,
With blessed angels ever near.

For they can at the Lord's command
Put their holy, blessed hand
Upon the mouth of the lions fierce
Whose teeth could through our bodies pierce.

How sweet it will in heaven be,
When we can these angels see,
And as a friend with angels walk,
And of our past experience talk.

And tell us how they loved us here,
And delivered us from danger near ;
And how often they had shielded
From fiery darts which satan wielded.

How happy will the Christian be there,
Flying with the angels through the air.
Then let us strive for heaven while here,
Remembering that the angels are near.

Sweet angels that we cannot see,
And though invisible they be
They are strong to deliver when danger is near,
And when we cry are quick to hear.

How sweet to think we are not alone,
But have messengers from the heavenly throne
Sent to stay by the Christian's side
And ever with them to abide.

Oh, how sweet this is to know
That the Lord has loved us so.
His angels are near us when we sleep,
And the still night watches keep;

And angels near when we awake,
Even then they will not us forsake ;
And when we go to our work away
The angels still doth by us stay,
Ready to telephone above
Every word and deed of love.

THE SELF MADE PLAN.

GALATIANS, II.-21.

I do not frustrate the grace of God; for if righteousness come by the law, then is Christ dead in vain.

Some men seem to think they can,
Get to Heaven by their own made plan;
By being moral and upright men,
Reading and obeying the commandments ten.

No man has ever perfectly kept,
The commandments of the Lord except
The Son of God who came to earth,
And made Himself of human birth.

He was pressed by the tempter hard,
While upon this earth He trod,
For He was tempted in the Bible we see,
In all points just the same as we;

And yet with all He did not sin,
But He alone has perfect been.
No man by merits of his own,
But through faith in the Saviour alone,

Can get to Heaven that blest abode,
Man cannot invent another mode,
For there is no other name among men,
Whereby we can be saved so then,

Besides doing our best to live upright,
We must trust in the Saviour's might,
Who is able to lift us when we fall,
And willing to hear us when we call.

He has plainly shown us the way,
So we need not go astray.
But how often we do fall short,
Of doing the things the Saviour taught;

So we need to humbly pray,
To Him for pardon from day to day,
So the man who thinks that he
Will be from condemnation free,

Because he is moral and walks upright,
And goes to church both day and night;
If he has not come in the Saviour's name,
And pleaded pardon through the same,

Can never get to the Heavenly land,
By good works done by his own hand,
For it is the Saviour alone,
Who can for our sins atone.

And He is able to give that peace,
That passeth knowledge and does release
Our hearts from doubt and fears within,
Assuring He has forgiven our sin.

He who follows sin no more,
And whose sins are covered o'er,
Should be happy all the day,
Rejoicing in his Heavenly way.

Satan sometimes lays a snare,
Covered up with flowers fare;
And when upon it we stumble and fall,
How sweet to have a Saviour to call,

Who is able to lift us up again,
And wash away the sinful stain.
For the Saviour is ever near,
The Christians who doth love Him dear,

For He says He is with us alway,
Through the night and through the day,
And willing to hear us when we cry,
And take us to Heaven when we die;

If we serve Him and trust Him, too,
And get Him to do what we can't do,
Who can stand on good works of their own,
And trust in them and them alone,

To save them in that dreadful day,
When this whole earth shall pass away.
All men who have ever lived on earth,
Have sinned enough since their birth

To condemn them to eternal Hell,
Where the devil is to dwell.
The Saviour says in words quite plain,
That ye must be born again,

Or ye can not Heaven see,
Or ever with Him in glory be.
Ye must be of the Spirit born,
Before you can bright Heaven adorn.

And the Bible doth plainly show,
That all who to the Lord doth go,
And ask for the Holy Spirit to be given,
And the carnal mind away be driven,

He is willing the spirit to give,
That all may be born of the spirit and live,
That come and in the right way ask,
And this is quite an easy task.

Ask for the spirit in the Saviour's name,
And He will give to us the same.
Ask believing and ye shall receive,
For the Lord of all doth not deceive.

The Saviour's death would be in vain
If the joys of Heaven we could obtain
By keeping the law and doing right,
And being good in human sight.

Of course we know that it is true,
That we must do all we can do,
To keep the law which God has made,
His commands were given to be obeyed;

But we find the flesh is weak,
And so we are obliged to seek,
Pardon for each sinful deed,
And we do a Saviour need;

Who can wash away our sin,
And let His spirit dwell within.
So we can be new creatures in Him,
And see through the glass though dark and dim,

The blessed joy He has prepared,
By His loved ones to be shared.
This through the Bible we can see,
Though we know not what it will be;

But the brighter our faith doth glow,
Just that much plainer it doth show.
If you have not pardon sought
Which with the Saviour's blood was bought,
At once for pardon to Him fly
Before you do unpardoned die.

WHAT IS YOUR EXCUSE?

ST. LUKE, XIV-17 and pt. 18.

And sent his servant at supper time to say to them that were bidden, come, for all things are now ready. And they all, with one consent, began to make excuse.

Have you come to the feast prepared,
And your love for Jesus declared?
Have you joined the Saviour's flock?
Are you standing on the solid rock?

The invitation has been given,
And are you waiting to be driven?
It reads: "Let whosoever will, come;"
And are you waiting until some

More convenient time to start,
When death may strike you through the heart?
Then why will you longer stay,
When there is so much danger in delay?

The water of life is free to all,
Who come and for this water call.
Dear friend, if this you have not done,
What is your excuse? Have you one?

Do you think it too hard a task
To simply kneel in prayer and ask?
Why do you stay from the Saviour away,
And put off coming from day to day?

Do you know you in great danger stand?
For death is going through the land;
If you do much longer wait
It may be forever too late.

What is your excuse, my friend?
By waiting what do you intend
To get or save, or have or gain?
If the world you could obtain

By staying from the Saviour away,
You would regret the foolish delay.
While in reach of grace you live,
What is the excuse you give

For not accepting this offer, free,
And come and on the Lord's side be?
Some of you, perhaps, may say
It is just because it is the way

That some professing christians do;
Some of the members don't suit you.
This is a poor excuse, my brother,
You are not responsible for another.

They may be hypocrites, it is true,
But that is no excuse for you;
That is no reason you should dwell
Forever in a burning hell.

Some say they cannot make up their minds,
Because there is so many kinds
Of creeds and churches in the land,
So they outside of all do stand.

Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptist church,
And many others, when we search
The teachings of which will safely guide
And lead us to the Saviour's side.

Like different companies through the land,
Forming one great, holy band,
We can join any we please;
And by joining any of these

We will on the Lord's side be,
And be from sin and satan free;
Fighting against temptation and sin,
Helping the victory to win.

If you were invited to a city, fair,
With a beautiful mansion for you there,
And everything that would happiness give,
With a climate that would make you always live,

And your kind friend would send for you
A buggy, a carriage and a riding horse, too,
So you might of these vehicles choose,
Do you think you would refuse,

And from the beautiful city stay,
Because there was more than one way
For you to choose to go there in?
For this will you stay and die in sin?

There are so many ways which you can take,
That you refuse the choice to make;
So you make no choice at all.
This is the poorest excuse of all.

The excuse of some may be
That more of the world they want to see;
They want to indulge still more in sin,
'Ere they a better life begin.

They think the christian is deprived, in a measure,
Of some of the bliss of worldly pleasure;
But later on they do intend
To turn before their life shall end.

They do not intend to go to hell,
And there forever in misery dwell,
But think they can some longer wait,
And turn before it is too late.

But this, dear friend, is a dangerous thing,
Each moment bears death on its wing;
And as the fleeting moments fly,
We know not which will pass us by.

Life hangs upon a brittle thread;
On dangerous ground we should not tread.
If you were to step out to see a parade,
And listen at the band that played,

And a friend would come and tell . . .
That you stood upon a well,
Which was covered out of sight
With rotten planks, which you might

Cause to break, and let you down
A hundred feet beneath the ground,
You would not a moment stand
To look or listen at the band,

But would leap on solid ground,
And then take time to look around.
Why, then, will you longer stay
From the solid rock away,

And stand over what is worse than a well?
It is standing over eternal hell,
On something that is far more frail
Than a rotten plank or rail.

For nothing is beneath you spread
But life's frail and brittle thread.
And will you for a moment stand,
To hear the music of earth's band,

And stay to gaze at life's vain show,
When in a moment you may go
Down into the burning hell,
To suffer what no one can tell?

Oh! come and near the Saviour live,
And to Him your service give.
Then you can quite happy be,
And be from sin and danger free.,

The blessed Saviour tells us plain
How we can salvation obtain.
He says, "Seek, and ye shall find;"
Our Saviour is so good and kind.

Knock, and it shall be opened to you;
And this is so easy for you to do.
And will you still this chance refuse,
Hoping the Saviour will excuse ?

The kingdom of God we first must seek,
And ask His pardon, humble and meek,
That He may blot out every sin,
And let His spirit dwell within.

There is nothing more important than this;
If we gain the world and Heaven miss,
Our life will be a failure, indeed,
For we would have nothing that we need

When death had carried us away
To where we must forever stay,
Why do you still to vanities cling,
And put off the most important thing?

If you are still on satan's side,
And do not intend there to abide,
Why not turn immediately away,
And not another moment stay?

Flee to the Lord in earnest prayer,
And repent and ask His pardon there.
Do not try an excuse to make,
But at once the right way take.

If you His invitation refuse,
At the judgment He will not excuse.

THE LAKE OF FIRE.

REV., XX.-15.

And whosoever was not found written in the book of life
was cast into the lake of fire.

Two great books have been written for man
To reveal to him God's wonderful plan ;
One is the Bible, God's holy word,
Which we all have seen and heard :

The other is His Nature book
Into which we all can look ;
With the first He to us talks,
With the second He with us walks.

When we see the work of His hand,
The trees He has planted in the land,
The glorious sun He has put in the sky,
And the beautiful birds that beneath it fly,

He made the stars which shine by night,
And the beautiful moon which is so bright.
'Tis He who paints the beautiful flowers
Which grow around the shady bowers.

"Tis He who makes all things to grow
And makes the earth with beauty glow;
This, the book of Nature He has made,
And instruction in it is laid.

He turns its leaves from day to day,
Instructing us in wisdom's way;
And this one at which we look
Substantiates the other book.

In the Bible He tells us how
He made the things we look at now;
In it He tells us how to live,
And doth instruction to us give.

He tells us how to get to heaven,
To remember and keep one day in seven;
And the other commandments all obey,
Resisting sin from day to day,

Believing on the Saviour above,
Who is full of pity and love,
And willing to wash our sins away,
And strengthen us from day to day.

This Bible is given for all to read,
And its warning we must heed;
Or we will be cast into the lake of fire
To burn forever and never expire.

Man is not compelled or driven,
And a way of escape is given.
So man will have himself to blame
If he is cast into the burning flame.

The book of Nature tells us plain
To step on a thorn will give us pain.
It tells us if we put our finger
In the fire and let it linger,

That the finger is certain to burn,
This the smallest child can learn;
And it tells us if we cut a vein
It will bleed and give us pain;

And many warnings Nature doth give
If unheeded will make us cease to live.
It waras us that if we jump in the fire
We will burn and there expire.

It also warns us all to keep
From falling down a precipice steep.
These laws God put in Nature's book,
Where all of us can plainly look,

And if any law we break
We will suffer without mistake;
And when we suffer by breaking the same,
Ourselves alone we will have to blame.

And laws the Lord of all did make
In another book we must not break ;
And if we do we will suffer sure,
And it will last forevermore.

The Bible is the book where we obtain
These laws which God has written plain,
And if we disobey the laws therein,
And are not forgiven for the sin,

At last we will be sent to hell,
And there forever in misery dwell.
It is our loving Saviour alone
Who can for our sins atone.

But if we do not get forgiven
We will sure to hell be driven :
And the fault will be our own,
For the warning is plainly shown.

Some men say they do not think
The Lord will let them in hell sink ;
They say His mercy is too great
To take the man He did create

And cast him in a burning hell,
There forever in misery to dwell.
But remember the Saviour came,
To save us from this burning flame,

And opened a way that is free to all
Who do repent and on Him call.
If a man were to have a foolish desire
To put his hand in a flame of fire,

Thinking God's mercy would be too great,
To let that burn He did create ;
But it would not be keeping the law
That in God's Nature book he saw,

And His hand would surely burn ;
From this a lesson we can learn,
That if God's law of Nature we break,
We will suffer without mistake.

If we jump from a high house top,
The Lord our falling will not stop.
These things God's book of Nature shows
And he who no heed to them bestows

Will justly suffer as we know,
For it is his fault for doing so.
So all the wicked ones who go
To that eternal place of woe,

Will justly suffer for ever and ever,
Where relief comes never, never ;
For God has laid His law down plain,
And sends out warnings again and again,

By preachers and Christian friends around
Who to us the warning doth sound,
And the ones who do not heed,
And their Bibles do not read,

Who will not believe the Saviour's word,
Nor the warnings they have heard,
Will go into the lake of fire
To suffer forever and never expire.

It is far more foolish to think
That God will never let them sink
Into this lake of pain and woe
Where they themselves will stubbornly go,

Than to think God will not let
The man who jumps from the housetop get
Killed or even hurt at all,
But would come and stop the fall.

Though this we think would be right strange,
But the Lord doth nature sometimes change;
For in the olden time we learn
He did not let the fire burn

Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego,
Who were cast in the furnace heated so,
He divided the waters of the great Red Sea,
And a standing wall He made to be

On each side, which stood up high,
Until his people had all passed by ;
And guarded Daniel in the lion's den,
Who was put in there by wicked men.

And changed the effect of the poisonous snake
Which St. Paul did easily shake
From his hand which it did bite,
And the natives were astonished at the sight.

So in the past God has forsook
His law laid down in Nature's book,
That fire will burn and throw out heat
And lions will tear their victims and eat,

That poison will effect and often kill,
That water won't stand in a solid wall still
But the law which God has made,
And down in the holy Bible laid,

Shall forever solid stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away,
One jot or one tittle shall not pass from this law
Till all be fulfilled, for it is without flaw.

And all who do not turn and repent
Will certainly down to hell be sent,
And there will justly suffer forever,
Where relief comes never, never;

For to get there they have trod
Over the blessed Son of God,
And disregarded His suffering and love,
Though He came down from heaven above;

And did not heed His warning cry,
And by their actions called Him a lie.
A man who has sense enough to learn
That one's hand in the fire will surely burn,

Should have sense enough to know,
That the men to hell will go,
Who will not turn from their wicked way,
But still on the road to hell will stay,

When God's Word doth plainly show,
It will carry them to eternal woe;
And emphasized His warning cry,
By sending His Son to earth to die,

That all might turn to Him and live,
Who can all our sins forgive.
The way to Heaven is free to all,
And God doth listen to all who call,

Ask and it shall be given to you—
And this is easy for you to do.
Knock and it shall be open'd to you,
Was written for all, and not for a few.

Seek and ye shall find the way,
There is no excuse for you to stay,
On the road to the lake of fire,
Where the soul will never expire;

But with teeth to dash and eyes to weep,
Down into that place so deep,
Man will have himself to blame,
For being in that burning flame.
Oh, that echo from each groan,
Thou art to blame, and thou alone.

WHAT SHOULD MAKE US TRULY REJOICE.

LUKE, X.-20.

Notwithstanding in this rejoice not that the spirits are subject unto you, but rather rejoice because your names are written in Heaven.

It must have made the Apostles glad,
When even the evil spirits had
Been made subject to them complete,
And bowed in obedience at their feet.

This was truly a miracle wrought,
And to the Apostles honor brought,
And they were glad and did rejoice,
But they heard the Saviour's voice

Telling them to rejoice not,
Because they had this honor got,
But ye should rather rejoice instead,
Because your names are in Heaven, He said.

So the Christian should rejoice at heart,
And from every sorrow part,
Because their names are written above,
In Heaven the place of joy and love.

Oh, how happy it should make us,
To think that Christ will come and take us
Up in Heaven with Him to live,
Who can the greatest happiness give.

And if our names are written there,
He gives us His most tender care,
And has for us a mansion prepared,
For this He has in the Bible declared.

And will take us up to it at last,
When all the trials of life have past.
Oh, it is a precious thought,
Like a jewel from Heaven brought,

That our names are written there,
Where all is beautiful, bright and fair.
This should make us rejoice alway,
And be happy from day to day.

To think our name is in that book,
In which no man did ever look,
But is safe in Heaven kept,
And when we have the last sleep slept,

And are waked by the trumpets sound,
And when in the book our name is found,
We will arise with faees fair
And meet our Saviour in the air.

The bodies that we shall have then,
In the day of judgment when
We stand around the great white throne,
Where Christ will sit as judge alone,

Will be beautiful in every way,
With hair that never can turn gray,
With beautiful teeth and nose and eye,
With beautiful wings with which to fly,

Beautiful mouth with which to talk,
And beautiful feet with which to walk,
There time will never a wrinkle plow
Across the Christian's radiant brow.

Nor time nor age will ever chase
The radiant beauty from our face,
But the Christian there will ever shine
With beauty radiant and divine.

For the Scriptures doth plainly show
That before we to Heaven go,
When the trump shall make us rise
Before we go into the skies,

Our dust will then be changed and made
Into bodies that will never fade.
In the Scriptures we are told
The streets in Heaven are purest gold.

In the vision St. John did see,
We get a glimpse of what will be
In our glorious home above,
Purchased through the Saviour's love.

The walls are made of jewels rare,
All sparkling bright with beauty fair,
And a pearl forms every gate
In that wall so grand and great.

And the beauty that is within,
Where no mortal man has been,
Excels what we can ever conceive,
But we know we shall receive

Everything we can desire,
With beauty around us to admire:
Each desire will there be met,
All things we want we there can get.

Is your name written in Heaven there
In that city so bright and fair,
If it is rejoice always,
And never have any gloomy days.

For you should ever be happy and glad,
And never be sorrowful, gloomy or sad.
The thought should fill our hearts with joy,
And we should our minds employ.

To lay up treasures above,
Where all is joy and peace and love.
To think our names are written there,
And we will meet our Saviour in the air,

Should fill our hearts with bliss,
So we would never even miss
The trifling losses we have here,
Of things we often prize too dear.

This life is but a fleeting show,
For very soon we all must go
To where we shall forever dwell,
In happy Heaven or gloomy hell.

THE DANGER OF HINDERING.

ST. LUKE, IX.-50.

And Jesus said unto him: forbid him not, for he that is not against us is for us.

Some professing Christian men
Do not give help or sympathy when
Others worship the same great God
Not in the way which they have trod.

Had they the power, they would forbid
The Christian who worked not as they did ;
But we should hold out love to all
Who on the blessed Saviour call,

And do not hinder any one,
In slandering work which they have done.
In Matthew eighteen and six we read
The Saviour's warning we all should heed.

He shows us how dangerous it is to offend
The least of the ones who on Him depend
For grace and strength, and guidance, too,
To teach them what they ought to do.

It would be far better them to be drowned in the sea
Than offend any one who believeth in Thee.
If we cannot give a helping hand
To the many Christians through the land,

We need not slander their preaching plan
And hinder the work of a fellow-man.
Don't criticise, but seek to save,
For we are flying to the grave ;

And we have no time to spare
For our opinion of others to make and declare.
I do not want to judge another
Or slander the work of any brother,

For the God of all is judge alone—
He knows when good seed are sown.
All who on the Saviour believe,
And of Him did grace receive, *

Are fighting in the same great war,
Trying to keep God's righteous law ;
Though some may belong to Company B,
And others belong to Company C.

We should be true to our command
And rescue souls that are near at hand,
And not stop fighting, to fuss
At a company which does not fight like us ;

But, if necessary, lend a helping hand
To any company in the land
Who are fighting against satan and sin,
Thus helping the victory to win.

Methodists, Episcopilians and Campbellites too,
Baptists and Presbyterians, old and new,
Salvation Army, Hardshells, and all
Who at the Saviour's feet doth fall,

Do not judge your friend, my brother,
We are not made judges of each other.
The Lord alone can read the heart,
And will give to all his part.

The sinner all of our attention needs,
So, do not argue Christian creeds.
We can against sin and evil fight,
And must strive, with all our might,

To rescue immortal souls from hell
While upon this earth we dwell.
Time is flying swiftly by,
While poor men around us die,

With whom we have quite often walked,
But never to them of Jesus talked.
Work for the Saviour while it is day,
Talk for Jesus on our way;

For the darkness of the night
Will come and chase away the light,
When opportunities will all close
And we in silence will repose.

Work for the Saviour's kingdom alone,
To bring souls to His gracious throne ;
And even do not your children refuse
To let join the church they choose.

Just keep them near the Saviour's side,
That He may ever in them abide ;
And before men let your light shine,
That it may sparkle with love divine.

Which is unselfish in everything,
But simply to the Saviour doth cling,
Offer up sacrifices sublime,
Of your talents, money and time,

And untarnished let it be,
From all selfish motives free.
Many are sailing on the barque of sin
And will not take the boat that we are in.

Then let them take the boat they choose,
Rather than their souls to lose
By staying on their sinful barque
That is carrying them to hell so dark.

Oh! warn your friends who are sailing so,
Ere they down to torment go.

The Lord is guiding the Christian fleet,
And any will carry to Jesus' feet.

The Methodist ship, as we all know,
Doth to the harbor of Heaven go ;
Though some jump out and are drifted back,
The ship's good movement doth not slack.

The Baptist ship is by many adored,
If they do have to wade to get on board ;
The Presbyterian is a good old ship,
And many others we need not skip.

The Lutheran, the Christian and Episcopalian, too,
Are ships that are both safe and true.
All I have named, and several more,
Have landed men on Canaan's shore.

All are fanned by a Heavenly breeze,
To waft them over life's troubled seas.
Reader, if you are on satan's barque,
To the warning voice hark.

Oh! heed the blessed, warning voice,
And flee to some church of your choice.
Pray to the Father every day,
And He will guide you in the way.

Let the Bible the man of your counsel be,
For it lights the path so you can see
That straight and narrow way
Which leads us to the perfect day.

Oh! stay not in the devil's boat,
For it will not much longer float,
But soon will dash over a precipice deep,
Where no one can ever sleep.
But will burn in a lake of fire,
And burn forever and never expire.

THE CHASTENING ROD.

HEBREWS, XII.-6.

For whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth.

How can we assuredly know,
While we are living here below,
That our names are written in the list,
Who forever shall in Heaven exist;

That it is written in the Lamb's great book,
Where no mortal eye can ever look;
That we are children of the Heavenly King,
And some day shall around Him sing:

That we are heirs to a mansion above,
And are now the object of God's love.
Should it not fill our hearts with bliss,
To be perfectly certain of this?

And we find that every Christian may,
If they search and see what the scriptures say;
Believe, repent and be baptized,
And every son must be chastized.

When we stop serving the evil one,
Our fight with him has just begun.
He is laying snares across our way,
And tempting us from day to day,

For not against flesh and blood we fight,
But against satan's demons in their might.
And we must put the whole armor on,
And fight until the enemy is gone;

For in James the 4th and 7th we see,
If we resist the devil he will flee,
And we must work as well as fight,
Resist the wrong and do the right.

We must scatter seeds along our walk,
For often by a Christian's talk,
A soul is checked in its downward flight,
And caused to come to the Gospel light.

A word fitly spoken is sowing the seed,
And this is an important deed.
The Holy Spirit can cause it to grow,
But it is our duty the seed to sow.

Though our opportunities may be few,
There is something for each one to do.
We all have talents that we can use;
Though it be but one it will not excuse.

And while we are believing and sowing,
Are we trusting and loving and knowing?
That we are children who have God's love,
And that our name is written in Heaven above?

If the Lord gives houses and plenty of money,
And we live in a land of milk and honey,
This does not show we have His love,
And that our name is written above;

For the blessed inspired Scriptures say,
God deals with His children another way;
For it tells us that He scourgeth every son,
And chasteneth every beloved one.

These little troubles He doth permit,
To better us for Heaven fit;
These light afflictions He doth send,
Works out great glory in the end.

If you never have felt the chastening rod,
You may fear you are not a child of God.
Many are like the Jews of old,
Who thought so much of wealth and gold.

They thought that when the Saviour came,
He would bring them wealth and earthly fame;
They thought He would reign a temporal king,
And worldly honor upon them bring.

But His kingdom was not confined to earth,
Into which He came through humble birth;
For before this little earth was made,
Our Saviour in a Glorious Heaven stayed.

As the blaze of the noonday sun,
Surpasses starlight coming from one;
So His glorious kingdom on high,
Where all who stay can never die,

Surpasses all the kingdoms of earth,
With all their glorious pomp and mirth.
Though the Christian doth many blessings receive,
From the God in whom he doth believe,

While living in this present world,
From which men all by death are hurled;
The reward is not to be given here,
Though some may think it I do fear.

In Corinthians iv.-19 we find,
These words of the Bible good and kind;
If in this life only we have hope,
In Christ we are of all men most miserable,

If the Christian has received his final reward,
And has no hope of seeing his Lord,
The Christian would be truly then,
The most miserable of men.

For earthly blessings God doth send,
On both good and wicked men,
Like wheat and chaff they grow together,
When it rains on one it does on the other;

But at the final judgment day,
When this earth shall pass away,
Then all will be judged according to their deeds;
And the Christian will get all that he needs.

And the wicked then will find,
That hell is of a dreadful kind;
And that all his hell was not on earth,
Where he reveled in joy and mirth.

THE BEAUTIFUL CITY

REVELATIONS, XXI-10.

And He carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and shewed me that great city, the Holy Jerusalem, descending out of Heaven from God.

The size of Heaven is to us unknown,
And the place where it is was never shown.
But when St. John was banished away,
On the Isle of Patmos to stay,

Where no man could give him aid:
But the Lord to whom he prayed
Was near him upon that lonely isle,
Far away from all that was vile,

And had compassion upon him there,
And cheered him in his deep despair,
For God let down a city in his sight,
Down through the skies beyond the light.

The New Jerusalem was the city's name,
And down out of Heaven this city came.
And how many more in Heaven remained,
Was not to the beloved Apostle explained.

But all the proportions of the city he saw,
Which was fashioned without a single flaw.
For an angel come which was one of the seven,
Who with the last plegues had come from Heaven,

And in the Spirit did carry him on high,
Upon a mountain nearly to the sky,
Where this great city he could see,
And near its glorious walls could be.

God's glory gave the city light,
And never permitted the darkness of night.
It was surrounded by a great high wall,
With twelve great gates broad and tall.

On the north side three gates he could see,
And on the south, east and west each three.
This glorions wall had twelve foundations,
With the names of those who wrote to all nations,

The Apostles of the Lord who were slain,
Inscribed on each layer beautifully plain.
The beautiful angel who with him talked,
Had a reed to measure as he walked.

Fifteen hundred miles the width did extend,
And the length was the same from beginning to end.
Then he measured the height up into the sky,
And it was fifteen hundred miles high.

Then the wall of the city he measured with care,
It did not extend very high in the air.
Its height was two hundred and sixty feet,
And its length around the city complete,

Was six thousand miles or more,
The city's circumference was that much sure.
But whether the wall was farther out,
We have a little room to doubt.

But of what it was built is plainly told,
And the city is built of purest gold.
The first foundation of the beautiful wall,
Is of Jasper stone not known to all.

The second is made of brilliant sapphire,
A stone which people do all admire.
The third a beautiful chaledony stone,
Which only the rich of earth can own.

The fourth layer emerald beautifully green,
The prettiest stone most ever seen.
The fifth a sardonix so grand and rare,
It gives such a brilliant glare.

A sardonis stone is the sixth laid down,
One set would adorn an Emperer's crown.
The seventh is the handsome crysolite,
Which is pretty and rare and beautifully bright.

The eighth is of beryl stone, which is blue,
With now and then a greenish hue.

The ninth a topaz of a yellowish shade,
On it great value is always laid.

The tenth a chrysophrus with brilliant ray,
The color of which is a beautiful grey.

The eleventh jacinth a sparkling red,
Turning things scarlet where its light is shed.

The twelfth an amethyst of purple color,
Which shines like a diamond but slightly duller.
Eighteen feet is the height of each stone,
And it extends all around the wall alone.

Twelve gates were in the beautiful wall,
Each a pearl broad and tall.
On each side of the wall were three,
How beautiful this would be to see.

And these gates swing on the beautiful wall,
Never to be shut by day at all.
And the city shall never have any night,
For the glory of God shall give it light.

And only the good shall enter in,
Whom Jesus has cleansed from every sin.
And in the city we are told,
A river flows down the street of gold,

Proceeding from the Heavenly throne,
Where the triune God doth sit alone.
It is the water of life clear and pure,
Where they can drink and live forever more.

On each side of the river we will see,
A large and beautiful bearing tree,
With twelve manner of fruits hanging on,
And more comes again e'er the other is gone.

For each month it yields a new supply,
And the leaves upon it never will die.
There no pain we will ever feel,
For these leaves shall every ailment heal.

And no curse shall be on any there,
For that the Scriptures plainly declare.
And the throne of God shall in it be,
And we His face shall plainly see.

And will be perfectly happy there,
In that city so bright and fair.
There we can with the angels fly,
And talk with them up in the sky.

And we shall immortal bodies wear,
And have head, and feet and hands up there.
For on our forehead God's name shall be,
And we shall love all who there we see.

But when we get to the City of Gold,
We will find the half has never been told.
For eye hath not seen nor the heart conceived
What God has prepared for those who have believed.
I have only given an outside view,
And this for the present will have to do.

VIEW THROUGH THE DARKENED GLASS.

FIRST CORINTHIANS, XIII-12.

For now we see through a glass darkly, but then, face to face.
Now I know in part, but then shall I know even as also I am known.

And now through a darkened glass we see,
And it doth not appear what we shall be;
But in that day it will be shown,
For we will know as we are known.

And while we live upon this earth,
We weep and wonder from our birth.
But on that great and glorious day,
When the darkened glass is taken away,

We will see our Saviour face to face,
To thank Him for His saving grace,
And for the suffering He had borne,
And tender love which He had shown,

For us and all our kindred, too,
For it was not for only a chosen few
He came down from His throne above,
Full of compassion and full of love,

And wrapped Himself in a human frame,
And entered the world as mankind came;
A young and tender, helpless child,
Pure and innocent and undefiled;

To be tempted by satan and tried,
And many of the comforts of life denied;
To be scoffed and beaten by wicked men,
Like an angel in a demon's den,

All His glory covered in,
While He walked this world of sin.
Then we will see Him, king of kings,
Through whom the Father made all things,

And the friends who around us stand,
We will know in the heavenly land;
And we can roam with them afar,
And know the inhabitants of every star;

For no darkened glass there hides our view,
And we will know as much as angels do.
But while we are in our vessel of clay,
The mist is never cleared away.

Our soul looks out through mortal eyes,
And we cannot see what beyond us lies.
Through these darkened windows of clay,
We cannot see beyond a day;

And only a glimpse of the future ahead,
Which the Christian enters without dread;
But he who still is on satan's side,
And is in that road so broad and wide,

Which leads down to eternal hell,
Prepared for only devils to dwell;
Will dread to enter that future night,
Which is far beyond our mortal sight.

They have heard of the lake that forever burns,
And from which no traveler e'er returns.
And when death comes to call them away,
And no longer on earth they can stay,

They will be filled with dismal fears,
And begin to think of future years;
But, in that dreadful dying state,
All will be forever too late,

For, laden with unforgiven sin,
They can only think what might have been,
For the heart is then too hardened,
With the sin that is still unpardoned.

They can think of chances thrown away,
Of warning calls they didn't obey,
Which had they done in time gone by,
They would not now so dread to die.

Now millions of gold cannot Heaven obtain,
Nor wash away a single stain.
All earthly things they have to quit,
And step into the bottomless pit,

Where the unconverted will finally go,
To suffer there that endless woe,
In that lake of brimstone fire,
This is what satan gives for hire.

The suffering in this burning hell,
No human tongue can ever tell.
But he who repents of what he has done,
And comes to God in the name of His Son,

And asks for pardon and peace and grace,
And from satan and sin doth turn his face,
He shall be washed far whiter than snow,
And rejoicing on to Paradise go;

Obeying his blessed Redeemer's command,
To be baptized and on the Lord's side stand,
And join a church where he can go,
And to the unconverted show,

That he is now on the Saviour's side,
And that now in God he will confide,
And look to Him for strength to walk,
And as a Christian man to talk,

Then he can see through the mist afar,
The Christian's hope like a brilliant star,
Across the stormy ocean of life,
Where the Christian will be free from strife;

Where all the holy angels dwell,
More beautiful than tongue can tell.
Our Saviour said when He went back there,
He would a glorious place prepare,

That all His saints might with Him be,
And the glories of Heaven see;
And there be happy forever more,
Upon that bright and blessed shore,

Where they will never have a pain,
Or anything to vex their brain;
For nothing there will e'er perplex,
And no one there will ever vex,

For in that precious home above,
All will be joy and peace and love,
And we will have bodies, hands and feet,
And will know each other when we meet,

For the Bible plainly tells us so,
And that is the proper place to go,
For it is the letter God has given,
To show us how to get to Heaven.

In it we are shown He chased away,
The flood of waters that on earth lay,
And when all was naked and bare,
Grass, trees and flowers He planted there,

Then made things to give us light,
The sun by day and the moon by night.
Then it tells us He made living things,
Fishes with fins and birds with wings,

And cattle and beast of every kind,
Which now upon this earth we find.
Then He formed the crowning plan,
In his own image He created man,

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And man God must have loved the best,
For He gave Him dominion over the rest,
And all He made to increase by birth,
And thus continually replenish the earth.

How precious is the glorious book,
Into which we all can look,
And as through a darkened glass to see,
What has been and what is to be;

And sufficient in the Bible is shown,
All that is necessary to be known,
And it is foolish for us to desire
How to reach up any higher;

But while we are in these vessels of clay,
We must wait until that day,
When the last great trump shall sound,
And our bodies will come up from the ground,

And be changed in the twinkling of an eye,
Ready for the spirit to occupy;
And when our spirits will enter this bodily frame,
Glorified, immortal, to be always the same:

Beautiful in form and feature and all,
With no mar of sin from Adam's fall;
It is then we will know as we are known,
When all the dark mists have flown,
And see as we will then be seen,
With no darkened glass between.

THE MILLENNIUM.

REVELATIONS, XX.-5.

But the rest of the dead lived not again until the thousand years were finished; this is the first resurrection.

The Millennium Day, so great and grand,
Is thought by many to be near at hand—
Much has been written about it of late,
Some professing to know the date.

From the information which we receive
From the Bible, we have a right to believe
The great Millennium is drawing near,
When the Saviour will on earth appear.

When He was on earth long years ago,
He did to the twelve Apostles show
What should happen when the time was near,
When again He should on earth appear.

After stating to them these things,
A comparison to bear He brings;
He tells them when the leaves they see
Putting forth from the live fig tree,

They know that summer is near at hand,
Bringing plenty to the land.
So when these things shall appear,
Know ye that the time is near.

And many things in the Bible we see
That shows us when the time shall be:
So we can the Bible as a telescope take,
And a distant look can make

Out across the Ocean of Time,
And see in the distance the Millennium sublime,
Coming slowly, but surely, on,
And see the gorgeous, glorious dawn!

For the light of the world is drawing near
In the person of our Saviour, dear.
Though we are not told the day nor the hour
When our Saviour shall come in power,

We can come very near the date,
According to what the Bible doth state.
Let us at the first of the Bible begin,
When God made the world and all therein.

To do this work six days He took,
And the seventh day His work forsook;
And a thousand years, the Bible doth say,
Are in God's sight as but one day.

So I think we can infer
That the seventh thousandth year
From the time the world was made,
The work of sin will all be stayed;

And that the thousand years will be of rest,
When the righteous and the blest
Will dwell on earth in perfect peace,
And their joy will never cease.

Six thousand years from when it begun
Will be nineteen hundred and one;
This is not quite ten years more,
And some think it will come a little before.

Of the twenty-one prophecies we see
In the Bible, telling what shall be,
Nineteen are fulfilled already,
And the other two are coming steady.

When these two shall be fulfilled,
The ground will be no longer tilled;
For the fir will come instead of the thorn,
At the blest Millennium dawn.

The wolf shall with the lamb lay down,
And the kid with the leopard lie on the ground,
And the lion and calf both dwell together
In perfect peace with each other;

And them a little child can lead,
And the bear and the cow together shall feed,
All shall dwell in perfect peace;
Then all sin on earth shall cease.

It is beautiful to look to this future day,
When all sin and sorrow shall pass away,
This glass through which we all can look,
Is the Bible, God's holy book.

Through it we can look o'er the Ocean of Time
Into the mist of the future sublime,
And see the Millennium coming on,
When the day of peace shall dawn.

And we can measure its distance away,
By reading what the Scriptures say.
I have shown you some of the typical signs
In the holy Scriptures divine.

But I will some of it repeat,
And try to show it more complete.
As in six days all things were made,
And on the seventh the work was staid;

So I think the earth will run
Six thousand years from when it begun;
Then the blessed Millennium will be,
When Christians will their Saviour see

Coming in the clouds of Heaven,
To stay one thousand years in seven,
With the Christians here below,
Before they up to Heaven go.

Now, satan has been upon this earth,
Roaming since its early birth,
Like a roaring lion in power,
Seeking whom he may devour.

That thousand years he will be chained,
No one will then by him be pained.
When the Saviour did His life lay down,
And was put beneath the ground,

On the third day he arose again ;
From this I think it is quite plain
That the third thousandth year from the time
He ascended to Heaven, to glory sublime,

He will descend on earth in power,
And though we cannot tell the hour,
The year of nineteen hundred and one,
I think the Millennium will be begun.

This will be the third thousandth year
From the time the Apostles did hear
The angel that saw them gazing up, say,
This Jesus, who has ascended away,

Shall in like manner come again,
So every one can see Him plain.
It was four thousand years from creation
When Jesus came to earth's low station.

Three and four we know makes seven,
And if the third thousandth year He descends from
Heaven,
It will be nineteen hundred and one
When the seventh thousand year will be begun.

In forty-seven passages the number seven we see,
And in fifty passages the number three;
And in forty-three passages the number four,
And the three and four are seven we are sure.

Now, our Saviour did plainly say
That before the Millennium Day,
The gospel must go to every nation
Throughout all of earth's creation.

Before the coming of that day,
When satan shall be driven away,
And a thousand years be chained,
So no one can then be pained.

By his temptations so subtle and sly,
Which now along our pathway lie,
Then Jesus will come in glory great,
And in that grand and glorious state

The saints will meet Him in the air,
And see Him as He is up there.
Before, when He was on this earth,
He was wrapped in a garb of human birth;

Which shut His glorious nature in,
While walking through this world of sin;
But when in the clouds He comes again,
A thousand years on earth to reign,

Then Jesus as He is we will see,
For then the Christians will glorified be,
Who still on the earth doth live,
Whose sins the Saviour did forgive.

But all the dead whom He did save,
Will not then come up from the grave;
But only those will be raised from the dead,
Who for the cause of Jesus did lose their head;

And who did not worship in the least,
The image of the sinful beast;
Nor received his mark in head or hand,
While dwelling on this earthly land.

These from the dead the Lord will raise,
For they through all did sound His praise;
And the Scriptures tell us plain
That they will with the Saviour reign

On the beautiful earth a thousand years,
Where they will never more shed tears;
But will dwell in perfect love and peace,
For all temptations then will cease.

Blessed and holy is that heart,
Who in the first resurrection has a part.
Oh, what unspeakable joy,
To be where no one will annoy!

On this earth, made free from sin,
With those whom Christ put a new heart in.
Oh, then how happy we will be,
From every grief and sorrow free!

And go on the earth wherever we will,
And every desire of our hearts fulfill;
With golden harps to play upon,
And plenty of Christian, innocent fun;

And beautiful songs for Jesus sing,
Who then will be the only king;
This earth will then be beautified,
And with every real joy supplied.

Then, let our chiefest object be,
To act so we may Jesus see;
Do what He tells us in the Bible to do,
And ever keep these things in view.

THE JUDGMENT DAY.

1ST. CORINTHIANS, XV.-52.

In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye,
At the last trump, for the trump shall sound,
And the dead shall be raised incorruptible ;
And we shall be changed.

This resurrection will be the last,
When satan will in hell be cast.
Now through this earth he doth roam,
And often visits every home.

At the millennium the Lord will chain
The devil a thousand years to remain.
When the Saviour will on this earth walk,
And as friend to friend with Christians talk.

For a thousand years He will reign
On earth and free His saints from pain.
But when the thousand are ended,
Peace will not be then extended,

For satan will be loosed again
For a little while on earth to reign,
For the Bible tells us that then
He will tempt the children of men.

And go forth in his satanic might,
To gather together the nations to fight.
And will to Gog and Magog go,
To bring into the battle the foe.

But when this little season is out,
He will be caught, without doubt,
And cast into eternal hell,
There forever more to dwell.

Then will come the judgment day,
When all the earth will pass away ;
And then before the great white throne,
Must each one for himself, alone,

Give account for the deeds that were done
On earth by himself, and no other one.
We will not be in a spiritual state
On that judgment day, so great,

But will have feet to stand and walk,
And tongues to give account and talk.
This the Bible plainly shows ;
And when the Christian to Heaven goes,

He will know as he is known,
And will not walk these streets alone ;
But we will know our Christian brother,
And there be happy with each other,

When the Son of God shall sit alone
On the great white judgment throne;
Then all nations of earth shall stand
Before that judgment throne, so grand.

And the blessed Jesus, judge of all,
Then to a strict account shall call,
And shall separate them, one from another,
The Christian man from his sinful brother,

As a shepherd his sheep from the goats divide,
Placing the sheep on the right hand side,
And making the goats on the left to stand;
Then to those on His right hand

The King of kings shall say,
“Come, ye blessed of my Father, and stay
In the Kingdom prepared for you,”
And this every Christian one shall do,

And shall forever happy be,
And never more shall sorrow see.
Then to the ones on the left He will say,
“Depart ye cursed and go away

Into everlasting fire prepared,
To be by the devil and his angels shared;”
And then they shall to punishment go
To suffer everlasting woe

In the lake that burns with brimstone fire,
Where the sinner will suffer and never expire;
And the unquenchable fire will burn forever,
And the worm dieth not, but liveth forever.

And there will be weeping and gnashing of teeth
By those who go to hell beneath;

But, reader, you may naturally say,
Where will departed spirits stay

Before this last great judgment day
When this earth shall pass away?
When one dies down here below
To what place does their spirits go?

This the Christian can only know
By reading what the Scriptures show.
We put their bodies in the ground,
And not until the last trump sound

Will they be raised from there,
Immortal, beautiful and fair.
But in the Bible we can see
Where the departed spirits will be,

Before it returns to occupy
Its beautified body, by and by.
Listen what our Saviour doth say
Before His spirit passed away,

To the thief before He died,
When they both were crucified.
He said to him "Thou shalt be
To-day in Paradise with me."

Was this the Heaven where the Father dwells?
Let us see if the Bible tells.
On the third day, in the Bible, we learn,
That the Spirit of Jesus did return,

And He arose and walked again,
So all could see His body plain.
"Touch me not," to Mary He said,
After He had risen from the dead,

And told her then, in words of love,
He had not ascended to the Father above.
So from this we see quite plain
That where His spirit did remain,

Was not Heaven, where the Father dwells;
This the text, to some extent tells.
For not until the trump doth sound
Will our bodies come out of the ground,

To stand before the judgment throne,
Where Christ will sit as Judge alone.
'Tis then the Christian will be sent
To Heaven, where He has not spent

The past gone years that did elapse
From death, a distant period, perhaps.
When we leave this body of clay,
I think the place our spirit will stay

Is that Paradise where Christ did go,
Where He met the thief, as the Bible doth show.
And the angels in the air
Wafts these blessed spirits there,

And I think they will happy be,
Knowing other spirits they see,
For angels are ministering spirits sent
To minister to those who do repent,

And are heirs of Salvation's great reward,
Which is given by our blessed Lord.
And as these angels to Heaven fly,
I think they often do stop by

This happy place of Paradise,
So free from troublie and sin and vice.
And I expect they often tell
About their friends that on earth dwell.

They may tell of a converted brother,
Or tell the news to some good mother,
That her boy on earth below
For whom she prayed and did love so,

Had repented and come to God,
And is in the path his mother trod,
And coming to live in Heaven above
With his mother who he does love.

'Three Heavens in the Bible are named,
And I think it may be claimed
That the cloudy skies above us,
Made by Him that doth love us,

And called in the Bible Heaven, we see
Must the first of the Heavens be.
The second, I think, is Paradise,
That beautiful place so free from vice,

Where departed spirits fly
When good Christian people die.
So the third Heaven must be
The final resting place, you see,

Where the redeemed will finally go
When their bodies come from below,
At the last great trumpet sound,
When bodies raised up from the ground

Will be changed, and immortal made
Radiant beauty that ne'er can fade,
And in a bodily form can stand
Before the great white throne so grand,

When the blessed Saviour will say,
To those who faithful unto death did stay,
“Come, ye blessed, of my Father and share
The Kingdom which He did prepare.”

Then I think, for the first time,
The Christian will walk in that Heaven sublime,
Near the blessed Saviour’s throne
Where we will know as we are known,

With glorified bodies that never grow old,
We will find the half had never been told.
Oh, let us on this earth so live
So as a strict account to give

Of the deeds in the body done,
Of how we served God’s blessed son.
And we should be careful how we speak,
Though in a hidden nook we sneak,

Every thought and idle word
By our Heavenly Father is heard.
Then let us act while here we stay,
As we will wish we had at the judgment day.
All upon this earthly land
Before God’s judgment throne must stand.

THE SWEETNESS OF DEATH.

1 Corinthians, XV.—55

Oh ! Death where is thy sting,
Oh ! Grave where is thy victory ?

Oh, who would stay from Heaven away,
Barred up in their vessel of clay,
Subject to so much pain and sorrow,
Trouble coming with each to-morrow ?

Why should the Christian shrink or fear,
When the angel of death draws near ?
Why, He only comes to unlock the door,
That the soul may flee and suffer no more.

And bright winged angels are hovering by,
To bear it away up in the sky,
To be with loved ones gone before,
To that bright and happy shore.

Never to suffer with sickness again,
Never to have a single pain,
While our spirits are happy above,
In that Paradise of love,

Our bodies only for a short time sleep,
Then why should we mourn or weep?
For though the spirit will fly away,
The body only sleeps till the judgment day?

And will awake at the last trump sound,
And throw off its covering of ground,
And the same spirit will enter in,
A glorified body that cannot sin.

Just awaked from a long sweet dream,
Which did but an evening seem,
As our spirits roam through Paradise bowers,
With the angels among the flowers.

Our spirit is like a bird caged here,
Away from its native woods so dear.
And through the bars we darkly see,
And know not now what soon shall be.

But when death the bars doth break,
Our spirit then its flight doth take.
It flies again to the God who gave it,
And to its Saviour who died to save it.

Never to dwell in sin again,
Freed from the prison cage of pain,
And in Paradise its native place,
See the Saviour face to face,

And happy like a bird set free,
Singing and flying from tree to tree,
Loving nothing half so good,
As to be in its native wood.

And we who are in this prison here,
Should not death so greatly fear.
If our spirit has been renewed,
And with wings of faith endured,

It can easily fly above,
Where all is joy and peace and love.
But if it has not this, I think
It in deep despair will sink.

The sin that is not washed away,
Like a chain around it will stay,
And sink it down deep in despair,
To suffer till the judgment there,

With remorse of conscience great,
For not seeking pardon until too late.
And knowing at the judgment day,
They will be sent to hell away.

Like a man with night-mare dreams,
Thinking how long the dark night seems,
And when the resurrection morn shall break,
His body from the grave shall awake

And his spirit shall enter in,
His immortalized body still stained with sin,
And in this body he shall stand,
Before the judgment throne so grand,

And receive the sentence that will be given,
To the wicked who will to hell be driven,
Where their bodies will burn and never expire,
In that awful lake of brimstone fire.

Are you redeemed by the blood of God's Son?
If this for you has not been done,
It is because you have not sought
By asking, it is given and cannot be bought.

If you have not asked the Saviour to save,
You have a reason to dread the grave.
And when the angel of death draws near,
You should be filled with greatest fear.

He opens the prison to take you away,
In a still worse prison to stay,
And be with the only bad,
Where pardon can never be had.

If you still unpardoned stand,
In this wicked earthly land,
When grim visaged death doth spread his wing,
It should to you great horror bring.

And every moment which flies by,
Should cause you to make the deepest sigh.
For you know not which to you will bring
The angel of death with deadly sting.

For the sting of death is sin,
Have you to the Saviour for cleansing been,
Death is perched on each moment of time,
And is flying through every clime,

Lighting on thousand every day,
As swift time is flying away.
Oh ! My brother what can you do,
When death spreads his wing over you.

If you are walking in the narrow way,
And serving the Saviour from day to day,
And have to the blessed Saviour been,
And He has cleansed you from all sin,

The angel of death will not bring,
To you this dreadful painful sting.
But death comes to the pardoned soul,
With treasures more precious than gold.

For with it comes bright angels of love,
To waft the pardoned spirit above,
And brings the assurance of Heaven's bliss,
And with a soft and gentle kiss,

Breaks the prison vessel of clay,
And lets the spirit fly away.
And loving angels near at hand,
Will fly with it to glory land.

The Christian then can truly say,
When they are about to pass away,
Oh ! death where is thy sting ?
It to the just thou dost not bring.

And the Christian to the grave can say,
I am flying far away.
And where is thy victory, grave ?
My old worn coat to thee I gave,

And now I am flying through the air,
In a robe that is far more fair ;
And that body as a vesture is laid away,
To moulder until the judgment day.

When it will be renewed to put on again,
Not to be subject to sorrow or pain,
To walk and rejoice in the city of gold,
And see beauties and joys now untold.

Then why should we weep or mourn,
For loved ones who to Heaven have flown.
Free from sorrow and pain and care,
In Paradise so beautifully fair.

We should rejoice because they are safely landed,
And with the lovely angels banded,
And flying with angels bright and fair,
Free from sorrow pain and care.

But those who are still on the ocean of life,
In this world of sin and strife,
Are the ones that should distress us most,
For they have to contend against a host

Of temptations and troubles from day to day,
Like storms to drive them from the way,
And cast their barque upon the sand,
So they never reach the Heavenly land,

But sink down into deep despair,
To suffer endless misery there.

But our friends who are safe in Paradise,
Freed from trouble sin and vice,

Are happy with the angels there,
In that land so bright and fair,
Watching for us to come there too,
And this every one of us should do ;

For Jesus has opened the way for all,
Who will seek salvation and on Him call,
And the thought should free our minds from sadness,
And fill our hearts with joy and gladness.

Our soul doth sail in its vessel of clay,
Being tossed by trouble from day to day,
Like one sailing in a ship across the sea,
Which from the storm cannot be free.

But while we are sailing on the ocean of life,
So full of trouble and storms and strife,
We should steer our barque for the city of God,
Though the way may often seem quite hard.

When we have the blessed Saviour on board,
He can still the storm and lighten the load.
And when we come into the harbor of rest,
And draw near to the land of the blest,

And the winds all cease to blow,
And the pulse beats very slow,
Then the angels on the shore will shout,
And lift the spirit of the Christian out.

Then the storm tossed vessel of clay,
Will be laid in the grave away,
But the Christian spirit did safely land,
On that bright and golden strand.
Oh, let us try and land on that shore,
And be happy forever more.

THE ATHEIST.

PSALMS, XIV.-1.

The fool hath said in his heart there is no God.

It is best, if you possibly can,
To avoid arguing with an infidel man
For he who can look at earth and sky
And the Creator of them deny,

Common understanding lacks.
And there is no use of proving facts,
For all the things on earth we see
Proves there must a maker be.

Then only the fool doth say,
Who sees these things from day to day,
That there is no God at all,
No Creator of them all.

And I think the old proverb is so,
I heard some years ago :
“A fool convinced against his will,
Is of the same opinion still.”

But some, though not an infidel,
Do not believe in Heaven or hell.
With this kind we can reason well,
And God's own words can to them tell.

For to reason is not hard,
With the man who believes in God.
Now, the Bible is God's holy word,
Which many of us have read and heard—

Written by holy men of old,
Who wrote the words as they were told.
And these Scriptures plainly tell
Of a Heaven and of a hell.

And in this Bible we are told
How to get to the city of gold.
And these Scriptures also tell
How to escape from a burning hell.

All should the blessed Bible read
And its solemn warnings heed,
For the Bible is plain to all
Who on their Saviour humbly call,

To give them light to understand
His holy word, so good and grand.
But some to whom we often speak
Will not in this way knowledge seek,

And will not the Bible believe,
And will even not receive
The testimony that Christians give,
Who have tasted, and in happiness live

In sweet communion with their God,
Though sometime they feel the chastening rod ;
The Lord doth comfort all the way,
And strengthens the Christian from day to day.

All who will come and taste can see
That God is good and salvation free.
Then, sinner, why not come and try ?
You know that some day you must die.

And if there was no Heaven or hell
You surely would be doing well,
As a sincere Christian man,
To walk uprightly through the land.

By doing this you could not lose ;
Then why will you so foolishly choose
To stand upon such dangerous ground,
With solemn warnings all around

Telling you of a burning hell
In which you may forever dwell ?
What can you gain by staying away
And refusing to seek from day to day ?

Common reason will tell you plain
That seeking will not cause you pain.
If two bridges did cross a stream,
And both of the bridges to you did seem

Perfectly safe and strong and good,
But from others you understood
That the big bridge was said to be
Broken where you could not see,

And certain to fall and let you down
In the water beneath to drown,
Before you could get to the other side,
For beneath was the swiftest tide;

But the little bridge was by all confessed
To be the safest and the best;
Would you hesitate your choice to make?
At once you would the best bridge take.

Even common sense would show
On the safest bridge was best to go.
It would be foolish a risk to run
When there was another one.

Now, the bridge the Saviour has made
With solid foundation is laid.
He came to earth and built it strong,
Though it took much pain, and long.

He bridged the chasm our sins did make,
And if this bridge we will only take
We can safely cross to the Heavenly shore,
To be perfectly happy forevermore.

Satan's bridge, so broad and fair,
Is certainly a deceitful snare,
And those who risk it fall in the tide
Which the deceitful bridge did hide,

And are carried down to eternal woe,
Where all the unbelieving go.
Now, the Christian is on the safest side,
No matter what things may betide.

To this the sinner will agree,
For just any one can see
That nothing is lost by serving the Lord,
And nothing gained by the way so broad,

In which so many people go
Who live in this wicked world below.
Then come and take the narrow way,
Taste, and you will be able to say :

Truly there is a living God,
And the way of the Christian is not hard.
Why not a wise choice make
And the safest and strongest bridge take ?

If the infidel's theory comes true,
The Christian will be safe, too ;
But if the Christian's is so,
The infidels down to hell will go.

So, all see there is a risk on the infidel side,
But no risk with the Christian doth abide.
Haste and stand on the solid rock,
Ere the angel of death doth knock ;

For then it will be forever too late—
Death's knock will seal your fate.
Then why will you linger and wait
When you stand at the opened gate ?

A WOMAN'S LOVE.

ST. MARK, XIV.-3.

And being in Bethany, in the house of Simon the leper, as He sat at meat there came a woman having an alabaster box of ointment, of spikenard very precious; and she brake the box and poured it on His head.

At the house where Simon the leper stayed,
Jesus came before He was betrayed;
And as He sat with Simon at meat,
A woman come in but not to eat.

She brought a box of ointment there,
Which was both costly and rare,
And this precious ointment spread,
Upon the blessed Saviour's head.

Some stood by with hearts that were cold,
And said the ointment ought to have been sold,
And the money given to the poor;
But she loved the Saviour more,

And Jesus our loving Saviour dear,
Said to them why trouble ye her;
She hath wrought a good work on me,
The poor will with you always be.

And told them that whenever they world,
They could do the poor some good;
And Him they would not have always,
For He was to be crucified in a very few days.

She had beforehand come to anoint,
His body for the burving which God did appoint.
And all who do the Gospel preach,
And throughout the world the Scriptures teach,

This which she hath now done here,
Shall be spoken of as a memorial of her.

Let all of us heed this solemn command,
And tell it to the people in every land,

Where we the blessed gospel tell,
And to the people where we dwell.
She had done for Jesus what she could,
For she came and by Him stood,

And did the costliest ointment spread,
Upon the Saviour's blessed head.
Though she could not preach like Paul,
She had done for the Saviour all,

That she at that time could do,
And I fear there are very few,
Who do for the Saviour all they can,
During this life which is but a span.

Are you anointing the Saviour's head,
By helping His blessed gospel to spread?
Do you take money you have earned,
To have the heathen people learned,

Of the blessed Saviour's love,
Who did come from Heaven above,
And die, and open the way for all,
Who do repent and on Him call.

There are many who have never heard,
The preaching of God's holy word;
And many if they could only hear,
Would come and love the Saviour dear.

To a minister who was trying to obtain,
Money to send to China again,
Once an unconverted man said,
That he thought the money instead,

Of being used to send away,
Preachers to China from day to day;
Should be used to save the sinners at home,
Who through this land of ours roam.

It was but a waste of money, he said,
And money can buy the poor folks bread.
He said that he was not saved yet,
This the minister did regret;

But he learned this man had often heard,
Ministers preach God's holy word.
Then the minister to him said,
That he thought the money instead,

Of being wasted by sending it there,
Would be wasted in the air,
To send a man to preach to him,
Whose ears had been filled to the brim,

With gospel truths from year to year,
And had not come to the Saviour dear.
There are churches in our land,
Now in reach of every man.

But we find that only a few,
Come and sit in the churches' pew.
Sometimes our friends we go and search,
And try to get them in the church,

And oft they break from our company loose,
With some useless, frail excuse.
Thus with the water of life so near,
If they still refuse to hear,

Then they will most justly go,
To that burning hell below.
But how many heathen on the earth,
Never from their early birth,

Have read or even heard,
Of the Bible, God's holy word?
Then why not come like the woman of old,
And spend some of our treasured-up gold,

And buy the oil of gladness,
To chase away the sadness,
That often comes to a heathen's side,
Who in ignorance doth abide.

With gladness we anoint his head,
When we before him the gospel spread.
And what to the least of God's children is done,
Is done to Christ, God's Holy Son.

The poor we have from day to day,
But we may not find a man alway,
Who is willing to go to a heathen land,
And there before the heathen stand,

And tell them of a Saviour's love,
Who came down from Heaven above.
The woman with anointment rare,
May have saved with greatest care,

The money she earned from day to day,
So she might have money to pay,
For this ointment that did east so much,
For usually the rich did only use such.

For it she may have spent her all,
For the sum it cost was not small.
This I think is what she would do,
If she did all that she could do;

And the blessed Saviour said,
When she anointed His precious head,
She hath done what she could,
That I think is understood.

Then let us ever be willing,
To spend for Jesus every shilling,
If this He wished for us to do,
And His wishing we certainly knew.

He commanded the Apostles we know,
Into all the world to go,
And to every creature preach,
His word the heathen nations teach.

Then let us strive to spread the word,
That by all nations it may be heard,
And be willing to spend and be spent,
And help those who to the heathen are sent.

We should do our part the seed to sow,
And the Lord of all can make it grow.
Paul may plant and Appolus water,
As every faithful Christian oughter,

But the Lord alone can give increase,
And our sowing should not cease.
Though it be sown on a heart that is cold,
It may bring forth an hundred fold.

Let us ever try to do our part,
If it is only a word to some poor heart.
So we may hope the Saviour would,
Say we have done what we could.

Like he said to the woman of old,
About which in this piece I have told.
This woman loved the Saviour so,
She left her home and to Him did go,

And with tender love she spread,
The ointment on the Saviour's head.
This blessed Saviour we all should adore,
For He loved us even more,

Was there ever love so sweet before,
As the Saviour's love so sweet and pure,
That before for Him we had a spark of love,
He came down from His throne above,
And suffered and died that we might live.
No one below can such love give.

THE HARDNESS OF THE HUMAN HEART.

ST. MATTHEW, XI-17.

We have piped unto you and ye have not danced; we have mourned unto you, and ye have not lamented.

The parable that is given above,
By the Saviour who is love,
Shows how hard is the heart of man,
Who God's persuasions doth withstand.

For the Lord did send His written word,
So it might by all be read and heard.
But so few did the Bible read,
And its solemn warnings heed.

He calls forth men to preach His word,
So by the heedless it may be heard,
And church doors open around us stand,
And Christians ready to take our hand.

And help us fight temptation and sin,
And yet some will not enter in.
Although there are churches of different kinds,
To suit different men of different minds.

All pointing to bright Heaven above,
Where all is joy, and all is love.
Like angels sent to carry us free,
To a city beautiful to see.

In a buggy, a carriage, a wagon, a hack,
Either to carry us along the same track,
With open door they invite us to get in,
And flee to the city that hath no sin.

There are many churches here below,
To any of which the sinner may go,
And truly repent and enter in,
And be cleansed from every sin.

By believing and trusting in Jesus alone,
Whose blood for the sinner can atone.
But so many stay away and wait,
Until it is forever too late.

Death comes and wafts them off to woe,
Where unrepenting sinners go.
The Lord whose mercy doth forever endure,
Has for man done even more,

Than give him different churches to choose, .
Which so many still refuse,
But only to showtents and theaters go,
Filled with that which allureth to woe.

God sends out evangelists to preach,
In theaters and tents to reach,
Wicked men at their favorite resorts,
That the gospel may be heard by men of all sorts.

But even then all will not go,
Because they hear it is not a show.
The evangelist then doth witty things say,
To attract the men that still stay away.

And then they come that love witty things,
And this a good many wicked men brings.
And then they come and around him set,
To hear some joke or slang-phrase wit,

But they receive the gospel instead,
And their soul with truth is fed.
Like fish that come for only the worm,
Which covers the hook so strong and firm.

And as he comes to take it in,
The hook is fastened in his fin,
And into the old ship he is drawn,
And in the ship he is carried on.

So sinners are to the gospel tent brought,
Not to hear the gospel taught,
But they go to get the bate,
And while they sit and listen and wait,

A Bible truth is fastened in,
And they are drawn from the pool of sin,
Into the old ship of Zion secure,
To sail with others to the Heavenly shore.

But some would even not come then,
They could not be attracted by witty men.
Then the Salvation Army begun,
To attract the frivolous fond of fun,

Traveling from city to town,
Spreading the gospel all around,
Out on the street these soldiers stand,
And to draw men play the band.

And this draws the people around,
And the soldiers kneel upon the ground,
And worship the Lord in the open air,
And His blessed truths declare.

And men who never enter a church door,
And never have heard the gospel before,
Stop to hear the soldiers talk,
And often to their hall they walk,

And seek and find salvation there,
For the Lord will hear an humble prayer.
To attract a crowd into their hall,
The soldiers have music like a ball,

Playing on tamborine, fiddle and drum,
And brass horns are blown by some;
But when the crowd is gathered in,
They preach, convincing men of sin;

From God's Holy Word they preach,
And the simple gospel teach;
Drawing men from the alleys and all,
Inviting them to the army hall.

By acting in their peculiar way,
They are criticised from day to day,
But the tamborine, fiddle and drum,
Attracts a crowd that would not come.

If it was not for these things,
And we see the fruit it brings;
If we take the time to seareh,
We will find in many a chureh,

Christian men and women too,
That the soldier's music drew,
To hear the words that touched their heart,
And made them in the right way start.

In the Salvation Army and other seets too,
There may be hypocrites it is true;
There may be some in every Christian band
That ever started in the land.

Even among the apostles there was one,
To avoid this cannot be done;
Some want the soldiers from their town sent out,
Because their mode of worship they doubt;

But I think the Saviour to us would say,
As He did to the apostles in the olden day;
Forbid him not to them, he said,
For he that is not against us, instead,

Is on our part, and it is true,
Judging others we should not do;
We should use the talents He has given to us,
To work for Him and not to fuss.

I am glad there is many a Christian band,
Of different kinds throughout the land;
Where one cannot rescue another can,
Just so the Saviour leads the van.

Plans seem growing every day,
To urge men to turn from sin away;
What an ocean of warnings to man is given,
No one can say to hell they are driven,

For those who will on satan's side dwell,
Are going the way that leads to hell;
And swimming through an ocean of warnings,
And may have but a few more mornings,

Before life's brittle thread will break,
Then it is too late a change to make.
The many voices that are heard,
Pleading with men to heed God's word,

Is enough to make all flee from sin,
And come to Jesus and be cleansed within;
Why every one ought to the Bible read,
And its solemn warnings heed,

If there was none in the world to plead,
And strive in the right way men to lead;
If there was no preachers to tell what God has said,
All could find out if they only read.

Why the Word of God who created all,
Should make every one for pardon call;
All God has told us about this earth,
Even from its early birth,

We have found to be all so,
And see its proof where e're we go;
The Bible tells of the things He made,
How the ocean from the land He stayed,

And that He created two great lights,
One to rule the days and one the nights.
The sun and moon both prove this true,
And lighten our path what e're we do.

It tells He made fowls to fly in the air,
And now the beautiful birds declare,
And sing this truth from day to day,
How often we hear them on our way.

And things which we read in the Bible plain,
Are proved on earth again and again.
Then why not believe God when He doth tell
About the happiness of Heaven and misery of hell.

Churches are built and preachers are sent,
Because men without it will not repent;
They fail God's Holy Word to heed,
And some men fail the Bible to read.

And evangelists are sent to preach in a tent,
Because men still refuse to repent.
Even some preachers preach on the street,
And God's solemn warnings repeat and repeat,
And because men wont believe and to the church go,
Is why the Salvation Army acts so.

WHY NOT BELIEVE WHAT GOD HATH SAID?

ST. MARK, VI.—6.

And He marvelled because of their unbelief,
And He went round about the villages teaching.

The Word of God, who created all,
Does from sin every human call.
He who did this earth create—
Gives us warnings truly great.

If every human would believe,
And God's holy word receive,
This earth would be a Paradise,
Free from sin and free from vice.

Why did our first parents, Adam and Eve,
The words of the wicked serpent believe,
And eat the fruit which God forbade,
And broke the commandment He had made?
Because they did not believe what God had said,
But did believe the serpent instead.

Why were they driven from the Garden away,
And were not permitted there to stay,
And never allowed to enter again
The Garden, free from labor and pain?
Because they did not believe what God had said,
But believed a lie instead.

Why did Adam have to work and plow,
And earn his bread by the sweat of his brow;
Why did thorns and thistles grow
Wherever Adam and Eve did go?
Because they did not believe what God had said,
Though He so bountifully had them fed.

Why did Eve suffer such pain,
And have trouble with children again and again;
Why did her desire to Adam occur,
And he was allowed to rule over her?
Because she did not believe what God had said,
But believed the wicked serpent instead.

Why did the flood once cover the earth,
Destroying all in the midst of their mirth—
Except Noah and his family, who did hark
To the word of the Lord and were saved in the ark?
Because they did not believe what God had said,
So the earth was covered with the dead.

Why did the children of Israel stay
Forty long years from Canaan away,
Moving through the desert dreary,
Waiting, longing, growing weary?
Because God's word they did not believe—
His word as truth they did not receive.

Why did God have to send His Son
To die for the sins which man had done,
And open a way that is free to all—
Who will repent and on Him call?
The Saviour suffered on earth and bled,
Because man did not believe what God had said.

Why were miracles in olden times wrought,
And people in the synagogues taught,
And God's word read again and again,
So all the people could hear it plain?
Because God's word they did not believe,
Though He never did lie nor ever deceive.

Why is the Bible so little read,
And the hell it describes so few dread,
Preferring to read another book—
And seldom in the Bible look?
Because they do not believe what God hath said,
Nor His solemn warnings dread.

Why do men take God's name in vain,
When He forbids it very plain?
They profane His name from day to day,
Using it in both quarrel and play.
Because they will not believe God's word,
Which they have often read and heard.

Why do not some keep one day in seven
Holy, which God did command from Heaven—
The Sabbath day, which God hath blest,
And appointed as a day of rest?
Because they will not believe what God has said,
Who never did lie to living or dead.

Why do men our civil laws break,
And from each other property take;
Why is so much sinning done,
By human beings under the sun ?
Because God's word they will not believe,
And His solemn commands they will not receive.

Why are God's commands broken,
Whieh from the mountain top were spoken,
And spoken by God, who made every thing,
And will to an account man's actions bring?
Because they will not believe what God hath said,
But choose to believe the devil instead.

If all the people in the human race
Would believe God's word in every place,
There would be no need of preaching at all,
For there would be no sinners to call;
For if all believed what God hath spoken
None of His commandments would be broken.

Why did God have to send His Son
To suffer for sins which man had done,
So man might yet repent and live,
And believe on Him who life can give?
Jesus was sent, and suffered and bled,
Because man did not believe what God had said.

And why now are preachers called to go
To preach and plead with sinners so,
And exhort them to believe God's word,
Which they have so often heard?
Because they will not believe what Jesus has said,
Who came and suffered in man's stead.

Why do we see many churches around,
Which in the cities do abound,
For the preacher to exhort his fellow-man
And persuade him to believe God if he can?
Because the words of Jesus they will not believe,
Though He never did lie nor ever deceive.

Why do we see the high church spire,
From the churches that warn of eternal fire,
Stretehed above like a pleading hand,
Imploring God's mercy upon the land?
Because men will not believe what Jesus has said,
Though for man He died and rose from the dead.

Why do those people sing in the street,
And sometimes have a band complete,
With strange attire, to draw men near,
So they can the Gospel hear?
Because men will not believe what Jesus said,
And His warnings do not dread.

Why do they hold meetings every night,
And against the devil fight,
Pleading with the people to eome and believe,
And the blessed Gospel receive?
Because many haven't believed what Jesus has said,
Though for all His precious blood He shed.

If all would the words of Jesus believe,
And His solemn warnings receive,
This earth would be a Paradise,
Free from sin and free from vice;
For all eternal hell would dread,
If they believed what Jesus said.

He has given commandments true,
So we all know what to do,
To escape eternal hell,
The place that was made for the devils to dwell;
Man will not believe what God has said,
Nor His great commandments dread.

And God is still so merciful to man,
That He has formed a gracious plan,
So man can repent of his unbelief,
And come to Him and find relief,
Through faith in His precious Son,
If we only believe God's holy one.

He sent His Son to sinful earth,
To set an example from early birth;
So, if we will Christ's word believe,
We can still salvation receive.
For He suffered and died to pardon obtain,
So man can turn and be happy again.

But those who still refuse to believe,
And will not the Gospel truth receive,
Will be sent to deepest woe,
Where all the unbelievers go—
To that place of deep despair,
To suffer forever with devils there.

THE GOSPEL TO THE COLORED MAN SENT.

ACTS, VIII.-29.

Then said the Spirit unto Philip go near, and join thyself to this chariot.

This man to whom here Philip was sent,
Was an African who in his chariot went,
From Ethiopia, Africa, his native land,
To worship in Solomon's temple grand.

We read where the gospel was sent to the Jews,
Many of which did the gospel refuse,
And the gospel was to the Gentiles sent,
When Simon to Cornelius went.

And here it is sent to a colored man,
To whom the apostle Philip ran,
And got into his chariot, too,
And there he told him what to do.

To get to beautiful Heaven above,
Where all is happiness, peace and love.
And the Enoch did the gospel receive,
And on Jesus did believe.

And when he and Philip to water came,
He wanted to be baptized with the same,
But Philip first did want to know,
If faith in Jesus he did show;

And before he took him to the water apart,
Philip asked if he believed with all his heart.
And when he found out that he did,
Philip no longer did forbid,

But baptized him then and there.
Then Philip was caught away in the air,
And the African was as happy as he could be,
For he was from sin set free;

And the Lord was there with him,
And had brightened the mind that before was dim.
This fact should make the colored race
Love the Lord who gives free grace.

It shows God loves the colored man, too,
And wants to teach him what to do.
Through God's mercy they have been freed,
And learned God's gracious word to read.

And many are prospered in this land,
Who are keeping God's command,
And many are called to preach His word,
So by the colored it can be heard.

And missionaries are going to Africa now,
To learn the heathen African how
To come and be saved through Jesus' name,
And escape the everlasting flame.

Many Africans that were educated here
Have moved to Africa without fear,
And are in Africa their brethren to teach,
And help the preachers who go there to preach.

I believe Africa will some day,
When its ignorance is driven away,
Be a nation whose God is the Lord,
And help to spread the gospel abroad,

And have churches and schools throughout the land,
To teach the people God's holy command.
God's gracious love extends to all,
And He heareth the penitent sinner's call.

Jesus has opened the way so wide,
Whosoever will may come and abide,
With Him in Heaven forever more,
On that bright and shining shore.

The righteous shall to Heaven go,
Though here he may be as black as a crow.
In his glorified body he will be as bright,
As a beautiful sanctified angel of light.

Now there are living on the earth,
 Four races colored from their birth.
 The Chinees are the yellow race,
 And the Indian has a dark red face,

And the Malay race which are found
 On the islands are colored brown.
 The Africans are the black colored race,
 And Africa is their native place.

And the only race that is white
 Are the Caucasians, who are bright
 In mind as well as features,
 And are the wisest of God's creatures.

The holy Scriptures teach us plain,
 All who are truly born again,
 Of every color and every nation,
 Throughout God's whole creation,

Shall have a glorified body at last,
 At the sound of the trumpet's blast.
 Before that great and dreadful day,
 When this earth shall melt away,

When the great last trump shall sound,
 And the dead are raised from the ground,
 The righteous shall an immortal body wear,
 Which will be like Jesus, bright and fair.

The righteous then of every tongue,
Whatever color they come from among,
Will be whiter than the whitest snow,
And brighter than any here below.

God is no respecter of persons we are told,
By the holy men of old,
But men of every nation,
Throughout the whole creation,

Who worketh righteous and doth fear
The Lord shall be accepted dear.
If we could roll back the curtain of the past,
And look back the ocean of years so vast,

To where it was first by the white man planned,
To take a ship and sail to the African land,
And buy the African from his native shore,
And take him away to return no more;

I think we would find behind it all,
The Providence which from ignorance did call,
The thousands of colored men preaching His word,
Which is by a million of colored folks heard.

Who but the Lord could have planned,
To bring them from that heathen land,
That they might learn and obey His command,
And many as a witness for Him stand?

And who but the Lord could have had them freed,
And learned His precious word to read?
If they had never been in Africa bought,
And to our land of learning brought,

Would this many have been in the Bible learned,
And been about their soul's salvation concerned?
Was there ever an African come here to live,
To whom we could instruction give?

Many Chinamen have to us come,
And we have been enabled to convert some,
The Turks, the Russians and other nations,
From different parts of God's creation,

Have come to live in our land,
And many have learned God's holy command.
But I never heard of an African man
Coming to a civilized land,

But only those who were bought
And to a civilized country brought.
But I think the day is coming when
The Africans will become civilized men.

If our vision could pierce through the dim mist,
Of distant future years that shall yet exist,
I think we could in the distance see
What a great nation Africa shall be.

When its forests are into lumber turned,
And the under brush all cleared and burned,
And cotton fields all spreading wide,
Where once wild animals did abide,

And schools and colleges built around,
Where once ignorance did abound,
And churches built with steeples high,
Pointing up towards the sky.

Built by the Negroes that now live here,
Who are being educated from year to year.
The colleges through our Southern land,
For the colored people built so grand,

Is sufficient to fit the colored race
To go to Africa, their native place,
And make a great nation some future day,
When its ignorance is driven away.

CHRIST IN THE BOAT.

ST. MARK, IV.-39.

And He arose and rebuked the winds, and said unto the sea, peace, be still; and the wind ceased and there was a great calm.

The Saviour lay down on a pillow to rest,
Rocked to sleep by the foaming crest;
And soundly He slept upon that pillow,
Heeding not the raging billow.

But as the winds began to blow,
And tossed the boat up to and fro ;
And as the wild waves leaped up high,
As if trying to kiss the sky,

And tossed the ship like a rubber ball,
Up in the air and let it fall.
And the clouds with jet black wing,
Had shut out the light of every thing ;

And the lightning's fiery tongue
Did lap down and flash among
The waves of the raging sea,
Which determined seemed to be

To swallow down the Apostle's boat,
Whieh trembling on its breast did float.
Then the Apostles did greatly fear,
And ran back to the Saviour dear,

Who was in the rear of the boat asleep,
Fearing not the raging deep.
Carest Thou not that we perish, they said,
Thinking they soon would all be dead.

And the Saviour arose and rebuked the wind,
Though some on board may have sinned.
And He said to the sea, peace be still,
And they both obeyed His will.

The raging sea crouched at His feet,
And the roaring wind all hushed complete.
They both lay gentle as a lamb,
And there was a perfect calm.

And the boat did gently pass
O'er the sea then smooth as glass,
Which like a brilliant mirror did lay,
Reflecting the smiles which now did play

Upon each happy Apostle's face,
Who now more trust in Jesus did place.
But the Apostles did greatly wonder,
That amidst the storm and thunder,

His voicee the wild winds did obey,
And fled to the mountains far away.
And that He did the sea subdue,
For it did obey Him too.

And kept as quiet as a lamb,
For there was a perfect calm.
And the reason the Apostles did wonder more
Than they had ever done before,

Was before they did not realize
That He had power with the wind in the skies.
I suppose if this they had have known,
They would have to the Saviour flown

When the storm did first begin,
Before it threw the water in.
For before they to the Saviour went,
They had every energy spent

To keep out the waves that foamed and reeled,
Like drunken monsters' night concealed,
Which belehed their billows in the boat,
Until they feared it wold not float.

But now how joyous they did sail,
Never more to fear a gale.
So we who are on the ocean of life,
Sailing through this world of strife,

If we have Jesus in the boat,
We can always gently float;
For He can still life's troubled sea,
And make the darkest shadows flee.

And when the winds of adversity roar,
He can make it as calm as before;
And we can have Jesus ever near,
And need not any evil fear,

For He has promised in the Bible we see,
With His followers to ever be—
Even until the world shall end,
So this promise doth to us extend.

Then how happy should the Christian feel,
Whether low in woe or high in weal.
For the low he is able to lift up high,
And His ears are open to the feeblest cry.

And Jesus is both mighty and strong,
And is able to help us all along.
Even when quite sick we feel,
He can all diseases heal.

And if we ever have doubt within,
He is able to forgive our sin.
If we will go to Him and ask,
He can perform the hardest task.

He can make the storm of doubt to cease,
And fill our hearts with perfect peace.
Do we not too often wait,
Remaining in a troubled state;

When the blessed Saviour is near by,
Why not to Him quickly fly?
And take each burden that on us falls,
For He hears the one that on Him calls.

Jesus with us in the boat,
Whose precious words the Apostles wrote,
Which are so comforting and sweet to all,
They like refreshing dew drops fall—

Which raises the rosebud's head,
When drooping as if it was dead.
So His words can our spirits raise,
So with joy we can sing His praise.

He says ask and ye shall receive,
And when we ask we must believe.
If difficulties arise we have only to knock,
And He is able and willing to unlock.

And He who can open the eyes of the blind,
Says to us, seek and ye shall find.
These words of the Saviour so sweet and sublime,
Come echoing down the ages of time.

And though the earth shall pass away,
Every jot and tittle of His Word shall stay.
And oh how precious it is to know
That Jesus with us in the boat doth go.

And we can go and talk to Him,
Though now our sight of Him is dim—
There is only a curtain between,
So by us He is not seen.

For these eyes, our windows, are curtained with clay,
While upon this earth we stay;
But He can hear us just the same,
As He did the Apostles who to Him came

When He was lying on a pillow,
Rocked to sleep by the surging billow,
And oh how quick the Saviour awoke,
When the Apostles to Him spoke.

And what they asked for they received,
Because upon Him they believed.
Though to grant it He had to reach
To wind and sea and speak to each,

And chain the great storm in its might,
And stop the wild waves in their flight.
He has promised to give if we only ask,
And He is able to perform the task.

While we are sailing over the ocean of life,
Beset by sin, temptation and strife,
How sweet to have Jesus in the boat,
For then we can so softly float,

With Him so near to hear us call
For anything either great or small.
When the Apostles had fished all night,
Hoping and toiling till broad day light,

And yet had not caught any fish,
But the Saviour came who knew their wish,
And to their sorrow He did pay heed,
For He is ready to help the ones in need,

And told them to cast their net
On the other side and they would get.
And they cast their net on the other side,
Near where they all night had tried;

And a large quantity of fishes they caught,
And joy to their hearts it brought.
He can prosper the work of our hand,
And give us plenty in the land.

Christ is a friend to be adored,
Safe is the boat with Him on board.
Sometimes we have sorrow within,
On account of our children's sin,

Who are with us on life's journey sailing,
But in the most important duty failing,
Which is to come to Jesus who can forgive,
And ask His pardon so they may live.

If we ask the Saviour's aid,
And obey the commands which He has made,
And talk and pray for our children too,
And do the thing for us to do.

We may get an answer like Paul of old,
Who in the Scriptures we are told
Heard a voice say to him in the boat,
When it had nearly ceased to float.

I have given thee all that with thee sail,
And will save them without fail.
Who would not leap for joy to hear
These words from their Saviour dear.

Then for our children let us pray,
And work for them from day to day,
For death's cold tempest blast
Will wreck each boat of clay at last,

And these little boats that with us sail,
For the storms of life may be too frail.
And if they don't take Jesus in the boat,
They out upon some rock may float,

Blown by temptations stormy wind,
And don't seek pardon when they have sinned,
Are wrecked at last on hell's dark shore,
Never to return to us any more.

And go down in that world of pain,
Never to see their parents again.
Christ doth knock at every heart,
But each one must do their part;

Turn themselves away from sin,
And open the door and let Him in.
His Spirit can within us dwell,
And save us from a burning hell.

By His goodness we are kept alive,
But He will not always strive,
The door of our heart to enter in,
And perfectly cleanse us from all sin.

But if we soon do not unlock,
He may forever stop to knock,
And without Him we are sure to go
Down to that place of eternal woe.

Oh, stop and turn away from sin,
And open and let the Saviour in;
He will stay with you in life's boat,
And ever make you safely float,
And will make you safely land,
On that bright and golden strand.

THE BALM FOR DESPONDENCY.

GALATIANS, VI.-9.

And let us not be weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.

Full many a day has begun,
With no cloud to dim the sun;
Beautiful, clear and bright,
With not a single cloud in sight;

And yet did close with lightning flashing,
And dark clouds and thunder clashing.
Many a man has started his profession,
With knowledge and wealth in his possession,

And died at last in poverty's vale,
Or imprisoned in some jail.
Many a man has started with fame,
And died in infamy and shame.

So even in our business here below, .
We are apt to weary in well-doing grow.
Then how much more in Christian life,
So full of disappointment, temptation and strife.

Many men in life I have known,
Who their weariness have shown,
While walking in the Christian road,
Complaining of a heavy load.

But the Christian's load is light,
And his yoke is easy quite.
Sometimes we regular to pray-meeting go,
And then stay away and our weariness show.

Sometimes a Christian work we start,
And grow weary and from the work depart.
If we will always do our share,
The Lord will always meet us there.

When we start in the narrow way,
Which leads up to perfect day,
We have just commenced the mountain to climb,
And must toil to reach its summit sublime.

But many chrystral springs doth flow,
Near the path in which we go;
We can drink and renew our strength,
And reach the mountain's top at length.

When we turn from darkness to light,
We have just commenced to fight—
To fight against temptation around,
And the sins which doth abound;

Against old appetites of former sin,
Which, if we let them, will creep in,
And lead us from the narrow way,
In which we must walk from day to day.

If we would the crown of life receive,
And do the words of Paul believe,
We must keep the faith and fight,
Until the end of life is in sight.

Then at last we can truly say,
When we are about to pass away,
We know there is a crown in Heaven laid,
For us by the King of Glory made,

Which the Lord, the Righteous Judge, shall give,
And let us with Him forever live.

Then let us with all patience run,
This race on earth we have begun,

Looking to Jesus for strength alway,
Who is able to help from day to day.
Even the Patriarchs of old,
Sometimes grew weary, we are told.

Moses, who the Lord showed how to lead,
The Israelites whom He did feed,
When the people cried and said,
With flesh they wanted to be fed,

Moses became in such despair,
He prayed the Lord to kill him there;
And Elijah, who with one short prayer,
Caused fire to come down through the air,

When threatened by a wicked queen,
Hastened to where he could not be seen—
Out in the wilderness he did flee,
And sat beneath a juniper tree—

And there requested that he might die.
He was weary and wanted from trouble to fly,
When David was hunted by Absalom, his son,
Who had an insurrection begun,

Wished he had the wings of a dove,
That he might fly to Heaven above.
David no longer wanted to stay,
But wished for wings to fly away—

Away from trouble, and be at rest—
To the home of all the blest.
And even the Apostle Paul,
Who in preaching excelled all;

That great old Soldier of the Cross,
Who would not let it suffer loss,
Desired to depart and be with God,
The battle of life had become so hard.

And though he thought it better to fly away,
Still he was willing on earth to stay,
And with patience to run the race,
Looking to Christ for help and grace.

These men of old were good, we know,
And they did sometimes weary grow,
But they did not faint or turn aside,
But on the Lord's side did abide,

And patiently fought against satan and sin,
And at last the victory did win,
And gained the crown which all shall gain,
Who hold out faithful through trouble and pain.

Though we have to withstand while in this world,
The fiery darts by satan hurled;
And though with much we may contend,
We can hold out faithful to the end,

If we look unto Jesus, who is able to aid,
For He the burden light has made.
While trusting in Him, we never can faint,
For He graciously hears the Christian's complaint;

And if we faint not we shall reap
The reward which Jesus in Heaven doth keep.
Oh, how sweet those words do sound—
With such comfort they abound;

In due season we shall reap,
Never more to sigh or weep.
Those words like food by angels brought,
Doth give the strength we long have sought.

Like Elijah when fed by a angel pure,
Had strength enough to long endure;
And when we become either weary or weak,
We should those precious promises seek.

And if we get in a gloomy mood,
We must pray for spiritual food.
Christ can cheer us on our way,
And make us happy all the day.

Then let us cease from our weeping,
And joyfully think of the reaping,
And what the harvest shall be,
When we our Saviour shall see.

And He shall give us the great reward,
Prepared for us by the gracious Lord.
When the sinner starts to salvation seek,
He must not grow weary or week,

If God does not answer his first request,
God may see it is not best;
But without ceasing he must pray,
And pray for pardon night and day.

The Lord will never leave him alone,
But when sufficient faith he has shown,
Will him from the burden of sin release,
And give him joy, comfort and peace.

The ladder from Heaven has been let down,
And he takes a step on the first gold round;
But the climbing is not done—
It is only just begun.

The shore is not reached when the sailing's begun,
The goal is not gained until the race is run,
The battle is not over till the victory is won,
The reward is not given till the work is done.
Then let us press onward to the mark,
And never to temptation bark.

SIN OF NOT DOING.

ST. MATH., XXV.-25 AND 30.

And I was afraid and went and hid thy talent in the earth;
Lo! there thou hast that is thine.

And cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness,
there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.

The importance of a Christian man,
Working for God as much as he can,
In this parable is plainly shown,
And should by every one be known.

Some whose opportunities are small,
Do not do anything at all.
Because others have two talents and they only one,
They think nothing need by them be done.

But God has shone us very plain,
That if we would the crown obtain,
We must work for Him and do His will,
And the opportunities He gives us fill.

It is shown to us in the Old Testament two,
And repeated again and again in the New.
It is loudly sounded forth in the Old,
And echoing down to the New it is told.

In the Old by God Himself it is done,
And in the New it is repeated by His Son.
In Ezekiel, xxxiii.—8th, we read,
Solemn words which all should heed.

“If thou dost not speak,” the Scriptures say,
To warn the wicked from his way,
That wicked man shall die in the land,
But his blood shall be required at thy hand.

And in Revelations iii.—16, we are told,
Of a church that was neither hot nor cold,
But lukewarm, moving indifferently on,
All zeal from the angel of the church was gone.

And because it had only lukewarm got,
Because thou art neither cold nor hot,
I will spew thee out of my mouth is the word,
That was by St. John the Apostle heard.

So we see how the Lord doth want us to work,
And not our duties to idly shirk.
But against Satan and sin to fight,
And work for Him with all our might.

And in Luke xiii.—7, we see,
What is said of the unfruitful tree.
Jesus doth command it to be cut down,
And says why cumbereth it the ground.

In St. Matthew, xxi.—18, we see,
A curse is pronounced upon a fig tree,
Because on it the Saviour found nothing but leaves,
Each must make use of the talent he receives.

This fruitless figtree He did not spare,
Because he found no frnit on there.
All who from the mountains of sin
Have been taken and transplanted in

The saered garden of the Lord,
If they would reap the coming reward,
Must have more than leaves upon the limb ;
They must bear some fruit for Him.

When the blessed Saviour in love
Comes to take us to Heaven above,
Oh, how His blessed spirit grieves
To find that we have nothing but leaves.

There is something for every one to do,
Something for me and somthing for you.
Shall you before the judgment stand
And nothing but leaves within your hand?

And give an account of the deeds you have done,
And cannot show good fruit from one.
Then let us seeds of gospel sow ;
The Lord can bless it and make it grow.

And if busily sowing we keep
At harvest, we will have something to reap,
And can come bringing in the sheaves,
And have something more than leaves

For our blessed Saviour dear.
And will not His presence fear,
But will love His appearing so,
We will out to meet Him go.

St. John saw a river flowing,
From God's throne with brightness glowing ;
So God's mercy doth widely flow,
Through this earth down here below.

And this stream doth long extend,
But there is a point where it doth end,
And if we get on this stream to sail,
And work and trust we shall prevail.

And the farther we go up stream
The nearer to Heaven we will seem.
And when upon its shores we tread
We will see the fountain head

From whence this mercy flows so sweet,
And then our journey will be complete ;
And we will rest on Heaven's shore,
The toils of life forever o'er.

But the one who gets upon this river,
His soul from hell to deliver,
And lays his paddles in the boat,
And down the stream doth gently float;

With folded arms he floats along,
Thinking he is doing nothing wrong;
But he is getting farther from the fountain head,
And nearing the place that all should dread.

Farther from God's throne away,
And nearer to where the devils stay,
Where the stream of God's mercy doth end,
To where His love cannot extend.

When doing nothing it doth not seem,
We are gently floating down the stream.
In Matthew xxv: 31-46, the Saviour holds
Back the curtains and slightly unfolds,

Some of the mysteries of that day,
When the things of earth shall pass away,
When sitting on the throne of thrones,
We see the King who all things owns,

And the nations of all the earth around,
Who in every clime are found,
Standing there in one great band,
Waiting to hear His great command;

And He shall separate one from another,
Father from son and brother from brother.
And as we on the scene doth gaze,
It will many of us amaze,

To find that those who are sentenced to hell,
There forever in misery to dwell,
Are the men and the persons who
Their duties on earth did fail to do.

Let us ever keep God's word in view,
And study to find what He wants us to do.
He has given us all a talent to use,
And this talent we must not abuse,

Nor put it in a napkin and lay it away
To rust until the Judgment Day.
The first thing for you to do
Is to ask God to cleanse all sin from you.

First seek the Kingdom of God—
And to do this is not too hard—
And seek it with all your might,
And rest not day nor night,

Until you have salvation received,
And on the blessed Saviour believed,
For if close to God in prayer you keep,
In due season you shall surely reap.

When we have tasted and seen the Lord is good,
We should let it by others be understood.
Be to the unconverted kind,
And drop a word to lead the blind.

In the Scriptures we are told,
A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold,
If we the seed will sow,
The Lord can make it grow.

In the past it has been known
That a word in weakness sown,
Great and gracious fruit has borne,
So the Lord gives increase, we are shown,

A cup of truth to a thirsty soul,
Often proves more precious than gold,
Like the water of which the Saviour did tell,
To the woman of Samaria at the well,

Which will never let one thirst again,
Or in the next world suffer pain.
And a hungry soul that is fed
With a piece of Gospel bread,

May get strength in faith and love,
And finally get to Heaven above,
And be there to make us greatly rejoice
Because we helped them make the choice.

And at the judgment receive the blessed word
Which by the Christian will be heard,
In as much as ye did to the least of these,
Ye did to me and did me please.

I think our actions on each day
Are written on a page to stay.
Up in Heaven far away,
Until the last great judgment day.

And then will pass before our view
So you can see what you did do,
While upon this earth below,
Will it any work for Jesus show?

Who died for you and loved you so,
And opened the way for you to go.
Our blessed Saviour is the vine,
And we the branches that around Him entwine.

God the Father is the husbandman,
Who among the branches doth stand,
And the branch that doth not bear
Is cut and cast away in the air.

Many opportunities around us stand,
Like beautiful flowers near at hand,
And we can gather for Jesus a sweet bouquet
To give to Him at the judgment day.

We have opportunities to do some good,
And work for Jesus if we would;
Are we gathering flowers along our way,
Bright flowers for Jesus from day to day?

Or shall we go with an empty hand,
And before the blessed Saviour stand?
Can we thus meet our Saviour dear,
And not His disapproval fear?

Though an ocean of things lie out of our reach,
We can gather up shells along the beach.
Are you gathering a basket of shells
To take to Jesus where He dwells?

Have you any good deeds to take up there
Where all is beautiful, bright and fair?
Gathering up shells for Jesus
Knowing that He sees us,

While toiling for Him here below,
That we may have something to show
To Jesus, who has loved us so,
When we up to Heaven go.

While along life's way we are going
Are we seeds of kindness sowing,
Which for us will all be growing
Until the last great harvest mowing.

Will we then have sheaves to bring
To our great and glorious King?
Let us work for Jesus while it is day,
E'er the shadows of night doth darken our way.
For the dark shadows of death will come
And find nothing in the hand of some.

WHY THE CHRISTIAN HAS TROUBLE.

II. CORINTHIANS, IV.-17.

For our light afflictions, which are but for a moment, work-
eth for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

These light afflictions He doth send
Doth work out for us, in the end,
A far more exceeding and eternal weight
Of glory when we get to Heaven's gate.

Who are those that present such a beautiful sight,
Dressed in sparkling garments of white—
Who in exalted beauty stand
At the blessed Saviour's right hand ?

They are those who through great tribulation came,
Made more glorious by the same.
The gold that goes through fire is refined,
And then it is the purest kind.

The rose that is crushed is far more sweet
Than one untouched and left complete.
And the grapevine has much stronger life
After being cut with the pruning knife.

The Saviour is the vine to give us strength,
And we the branches that grow at length.
And the Father is the husbandman
Who among the branches doth stand.

Every branch that will not bear
Is taken away and cast in the air ;
And every branch that has fruit bore
He purges, that it may bear more.

If we are truly sons of God,
We must expect the chastening rod.
When trouble presses the Christian hard,
He can get relief by going to God.

God loves all His children dear,
And their feeblest cry doth hear.
He who can bow the heavens and come down
Can with happiness His children crown.

The medicine is bitter, but does at length
Give to the child both health and strength.
Can He who created the heavens and earth,
And well knows man from early birth,

Give His loved ones a dose too strong
Or ever let them suffer too long ?
He looks on us with tenderest care,
And even numbers every hair.

The infant may cry at the bitter dose
Which its parent doth give it by force,
But in after years it will find
This deed by its mother was loving and kind ;

And now to the child it is all quite plain
That it was done to keep it from pain.
So God, who does His children feed,
Doth also give them the medicine they need ;

And He never does give too much,
But doctors us with tenderest touch.
As we from life's pleasures sup,
These light afflictions, like a drop in the cup,

Doth keep it from injuring our spiritual health,
For souls oft grow cold through too much wealth.
He can do far more than our earthly parent can,
For He is wiser and greater than any man.

He can to us much wisdom give,
And make us long in the land to live ;
And then can take us to Heaven above,
Where all is joy and peace and love.

Our Heavenly Father is greater than all,
And at any time we can on Him call.
Can we doubt that He will hear,
Who alone did form the ear ?

Or can we think He will not see,
Who caused the eye and the light to be?
Can He not help, who formed the hand,
And created the sea and made the land?

He is able to give us what we need,
And His strong arm can safely lead.
He knows when we need the chastening rod,
And His chastening is not too hard.

And we should His chastening heed,
For it is sent in the right way us to lead.
Thorns in our path doth sometimes lay,
To turn us from a wicked way.

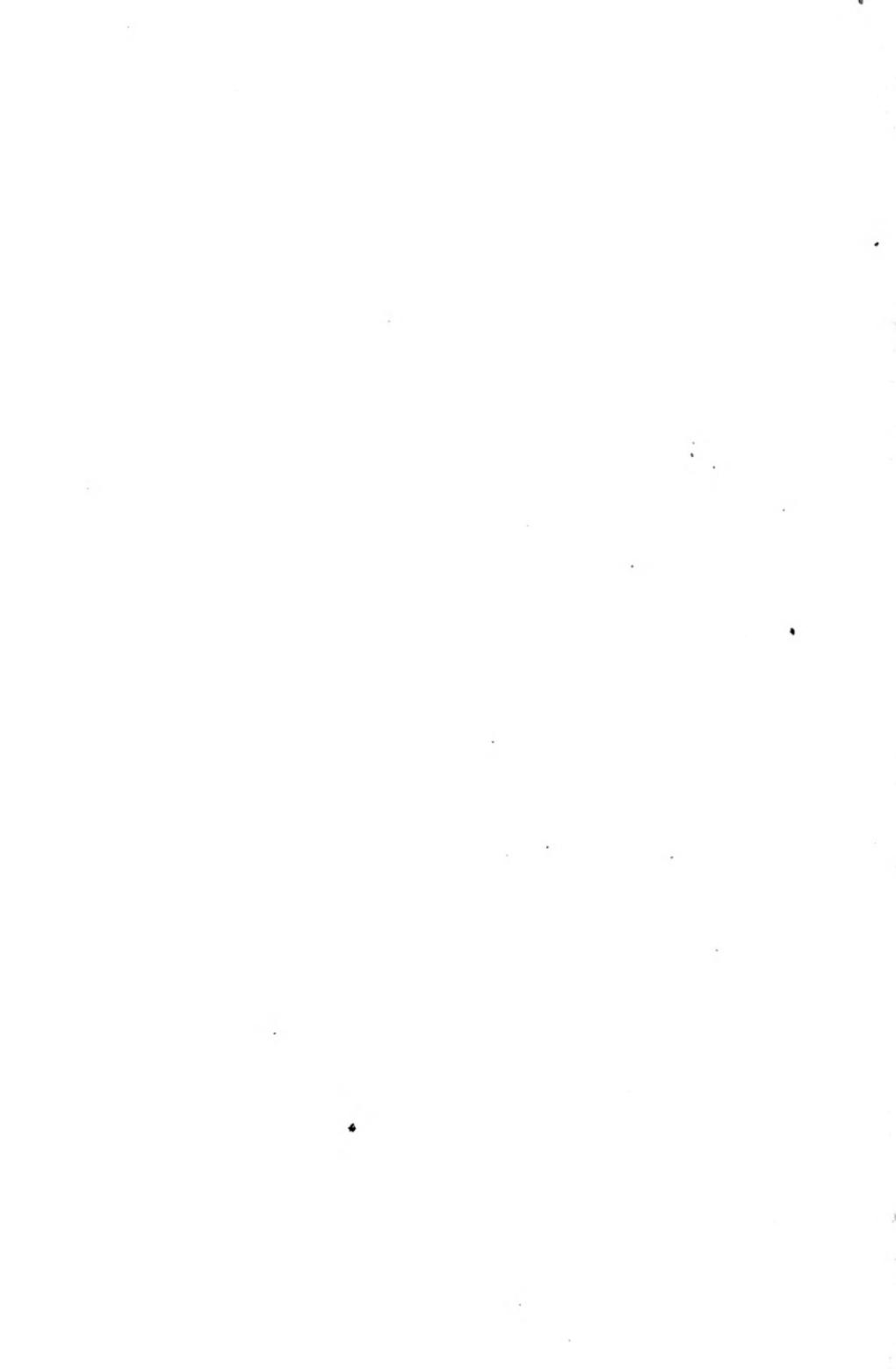
Though the wicked may flourish like the green
bay tree,
If we only consider what his end shall be,
We will find that it is eternal woe,
For he down to perdition shall go,

There to suffer eternal pain,
Never to return to earth again.
But those who have turned from the way that is
broad,
And repented and come unto the Lord,

And put their trust under the shadow of His wing,
And with child-like faith doth to Him cling,
Will be safely guided through this life,
Which with temptation's trials is rife—

Kept only from the pleasures that would lead astray
In the road that leads from Heaven away.
And only use the chastening rod
To draw us nearer to our God,

And make our way to Heaven sure,
Where we shall never suffer more.
Now, let it forever be understood
The Lord makes all things work for good
For those who love Him and in Him trust,
For the righteous and the just.





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